The Nation.

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The Week.

Secretary Shaw's call for $25,000,000 of Government funds deposited in the banks was expected, and is necessary. It is the readiest way of covering the current deficit in the Treasury. One can imagine, however, the sinister comments that would have been made had Judge Parker been elected and such a call followed so promptly. "There," people would have said, "you already see what havoc a Democratic Administration is going to work with the business of the country." And there would have been dire talk of an increasing Treasury shortage, shrinkage in commerce, and prospective panic. Such pessimistic words would not have been justified then any more than they are now; but it is remarkable that what, under Democratic auspices, would have excited grave concern, now passes without causing a ripple. At the same time, the problem of making both ends meet in national housekeeping remains the same; and this Treasury call is the first reaping of the harvest of unskilful Republican financiering during the past few years.

Nothing has been more astonishing than the number and variety of "vindications" given to political leaders at the last election. With Odell and Littauer vindicated in New York, and Grosvenor's book-operations approved in Ohio, we have had approvals of "stand-patters," tariff reformers, and men who stood for still higher duties. Congressman McCall, in the Eighth Congressional District of Massachusetts, has received, however, a remarkable vote of unmistakable confidence. Mr. McCall has been licensed for some time to run amuck among Republican doctrines precisely as he saw fit. His campaign review of the Republican party in the *Atlantic Monthly* read, as one newspaper remarked, like a most earnest plea for the success of Judge Parker in its advocacy of Philippine independence and tariff reform. Yet 21,551 of his constituents voted for him, while only 18,626 cast their ballots for Roosevelt. Recognizing the inevitable, the Democrats did not take the trouble to put up a candidate. The Socialists did, however, but their man received just 2,623 votes. If it is a rare occurrence that a Congressman should run ahead of the President's vote, Mr. McCall's success is all the more striking since many Democrats plainly took pleasure in aiding a representative of great ability and usefulness, who despises the party lash and is entirely indifferent to the wishes of the party boss in Massachusetts.

The official statement of election expenses filed by Mr. W. L. Douglas in Massachusetts shows that the successful candidate for Governor spent about $35,000 on his canvass. As he is elected for a term of one year at a salary of $8,000, the figure is somewhat startling. But it is most creditable to Mr. Douglas that he regards the spirit as well as the letter of the law for publicity of campaign expenditures. Rich men nominated for office have a perfect right, if they choose, to contribute liberally to the committees in charge of their campaigns. Yet, from fear of misconstruction or other motive, they often prefer to help out the campaign fund indirectly. An obliging brother or confidential friend may become a liberal contributor. It is very rarely indeed that a sum so large as that spent by Mr. Douglas appears in the official statement of a candidate's expenses. The returns of Govs. Morton and Flower in this State, for instance, showed that only very modest sums were contributed by those rich men to aid their canvass.

The old guard of Dingleyism, the Boston Home Market Club, may die, but it will never surrender. In its defence of the beleaguered citadel of protection it occupies a strategic position where the enemy's forces are already massed and walls have begun to crack. Such men as Sereno E. Payne and Nelson W. Aldrich publicly express the view that while the election was a magnificent victory for a stand-pat policy, the tariff may nevertheless be revised, and this is trying for the men who assert, in so many words, that the specific schedules of the present law are sacred. Only a stern sense of duty compels an organization professedly devoted to the upbuilding of Massachusetts industry to rebuke the president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce for advocating tariff revision. Yet the secretary's report interpreting the election results brought out some criticism of the Club for non-progressiveness. "I think," said ex-Congressman Walker, "that, instead of saying that no change in the protective tariff should be agitated, and that all changes should be resisted, we ought to take exactly the opposite position—namely, that if any one can point out any change that can be made in the protective tariff that will be of advantage to this country, we will gladly welcome it." That, of course, is sense—and therefore repugnant to the Home Market Club. But even if it should see fit to alter the tone of its public expressions, the real feeling of the ultra-protectionist will still be that of the man "open to conviction," but who expressed great curiosity to meet the logician who could convince him.

Less than a week after Pennsylvania had rolled up its unexampled Republican majority, good citizens in Philadelphia were preparing for an organized movement against election frauds. This is to be modelled after the efficient Voters' League of Chicago, but is to be independent of the old Philadelphia Municipal League. The two demands to be pressed upon the State Legislature are for a law requiring personal registration for voting, and one permitting the grand jury to investigate abuses without waiting for the initiative of a district attorney or court. As things now go in Pennsylvania, a Republican victory at the polls is just about as certain as a Democratic victory in Texas. It is an axiom everywhere else that when the election is purely a formality, the total vote falls off. Yet the Pennsylvania returns indicate on their face as much interest as most States display over a hard-fought election. The Philadelphia *Ledger* publishes some figures which help to explain. The six wards of the old city of Philadelphia, owing to the movement to the suburbs, had long been known to be decreasing in population. The census of 1890 gave them 104,154, that of 1900 showed 95,734 population. The vote, too, fell from 20,622 in 1890 to 19,666 in 1900. Yet this year it jumped to 27,828, an increase of 41 per cent. The census of 1900 indicated that there were only 33 475 males over twenty-one years old, including aliens, yet the registration of 1904 was 4 402 more than this, or 37,877. In the Seventh Ward there were 1,310 more names registered than there were men of voting age four years ago, and in the Tenth Ward 1 846 more. These things might be explained by blaming the census enumerators or assuming a return of residents of the suburbs; but the Philadelphians themselves have a simpler if less flattering explanation.

The tendency of city and country to divide on party lines appeared in the late election mainly in the almost complete submergence of rural Democrats in the Northern States. In the present Congress there are seventeen Democrats who represent constituencies in Northern States outside of the great cities. In the next Congress there will be only five such. The Legislature of New York shows almost exactly the same drift on a smaller scale. In the State Senate this winter there will not be a single Democrat from outside this city. In the Assembly there will be six Democrats from up the State, four of them

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from counties containing large cities—Erie, Albany, and Rensselaer. Last year there were three Democratic Senators and nine Assemblymen elected outside this city.

Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black seems to be the storm centre of New York State politics. Mr. Depew wants to be reëlected to the United States Senate and Senator Platt is seconding the wish. Governor-Chairman Odell, though professing high regard for Mr. Depew's transcendent abilities, is disturbed by misgivings over Mr. Depew's "lack of assertiveness." Presumably, Mr. Odell would prefer as Senator a man who exhibits this divine quality, with which, it may be added, he himself is so richly endowed. Should he hesitate about taking the place for which he is thus eminently fitted, he would very naturally turn to Mr. Black. The latter has been accused of lacking various things, including a delicate moral sense; but assertiveness is not in the catalogue of his deficiencies. For this and other cogent reasons Gov. Odell is supposed to favor the movement for Black. Some genius in the gentle art of reconciling irreconcilables suggests that President Roosevelt remove the cause of difference between Odell and Platt by taking Black into the Cabinet as Attorney-General. This would be a happy way out, but for the possibility that both Roosevelt and Black may object to the plan. Then, too, the withdrawal of Black from the contest would simply be dipping a drop from the ocean of pretexts for a quarrel that rolls between Platt and Odell. The root of the trouble is not Frank S. Black, but the fact that both Odell and Platt want to run the Republican machine in this State, and only one can do so. It is the old problem of two bodies occupying the same space at the same time.

Every day brings out a new touch of *bouffe* in the Panama Republic. A year ago we were recognizing it and lauding it, and promising to protect this new "sister among the nations." To-day, it appears mainly as a joke among the nations. The larger part of the army has "resigned," and the police are vigilantly guarding the remnant. The latter is very much in the position of the Irish patriots who would have risen and swept the English tyrants into the sea, but for the fact that the police wouldn't let them. It is now clear that the Panama revolutionists of 1903 could not, we will not say maintain themselves against Colombia in 1904, but could not be prevented from flying at each other's throats were not our military forces on the spot to make them behave. The truth is, that we have christened a lot of chronic conspirators and betrayers of conspiracy a "republic," and must now take the consequences. The ridiculous antics of the men whom we were but a few months ago acclaiming as heroes and patriots, are indeed a laughing matter; but the laugh is distinctly at our expense.

No one of England's unofficial ambassadors to this country has come with better credentials than John Morley; and the warmth of his reception at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce last week was characteristic of the welcome he has received everywhere among us. He stands peculiarly as the inheritor and upholder of that great Liberal tradition—the tradition of Cobden, and Mill, and Bright—which has closest knit the aspirations of the United States with those of his own country. In his speech, Mr. Morley ingeniously threw himself on the mercy of his audience as a hardened free-trader, obstinately unconverted even by the common argument of bidding foreigners just look upon this great Babylon which protection has builded. Moreover, he had the audacity to say, right on the heels of an election which was supposed to prove that all we are and have and hope for depends upon a protective tariff, that we should have been just as great and strong without it. And this heresy was cheered to the echo by the representatives of American commerce! In the deep note which he struck when on the theme of Anglo-American relations, Mr. Morley passed instantly beyond the cheap talk, common to such occasions, about the two fleets side by side and a united front to the common foe, and spoke in a high strain of the union of the two nations in the diplomatic pursuit of the noble end of spreading freedom and peace and a humaner spirit wherever our influence may carry them.

The monstrous battleship of to-day had a hard time of it between the attacks of Mr. George W. Dickie, the manager of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, and Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, at Thursday's meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. The former spoke his mind very freely, describing the eight-million-dollar battleships as "complicated combinations of compromises so involved in structure and function as to be quite incomprehensible even to the experts themselves." To keep these leviathans of the deep in good condition is a task, Mr. Dickie thinks, "beyond the ability of the officers and men in charge of this modern puzzle." There was, of course, prompt objection to this view, but the essential facts upon which Mr. Dickie based his statements are unchallenged. The battleship is crammed full of the most elaborate mechanical devices, not merely for offensive purposes, but in order to make life on board a possibility. There are thousands of intricate devices, and the auxiliary machines run into the hundreds. And, as Mr. Stokes pointed out, contact with a mine in one portion of the vessel, if not directly fatal, is likely to produce a dangerous change of trim by flooding a single compartment. The length and shape of these ships make them dangerous to their friends, and their heaviest guns do not permit of their getting near enough for effective work if a harbor is protected, as is Port Arthur, by mine fields and strong fortifications. It will be a subject for thankfulness if, as these speakers predict, the modern battleship give way to cheaper and simpler vessels, or to floating batteries when it comes to coast defence.

At the end of last week the Japanese mined and blew up Sungshu Hill fort, in the centre of the main perimeter of Port Arthur's defence, and one of the Urlung forts near the eastern end of the semi-circle. Whether these positions were occupied or not, the dispatches do not state; in any case, the breach has been made, and the capture of these points commanding the other fortifications from behind is now only a question of the number of lives Gen. Nogi is willing to sacrifice. Suggestive in this connection is the report that a thousand fresh troops a day are landing at Dalny. Everything points to an assault in the next few days, for the pressure of the Baltic fleet, though still several weeks away, is already felt at the seat of war. While the news from the besieged city is scattered and indefinite, it appears that Stoessel has had a crippling blow in the loss of his powder reserve. His guns also are reduced by a quarter in number, if the report of a correspondent who saw more than a hundred captured, at Dalny, may be credited.

The sailing of Admiral Rozhestvensky's ships from Dakar, Cape Verde, and the news that the second division of seven cruisers and five destroyers which sailed from Libau on November 16 is to go through the Suez Canal, reveal the plans of the fleet pretty clearly. This second division, which is composed of faster vessels than the first, is evidently to meet the more ponderous first division in the Indian Ocean, perhaps near Ceylon, and the combined armada will then proceed towards Port Arthur. Despite the delay, owing to the North Sea incident, Rozhestvensky's ships have made fair progress. If, as has been reported, they will coal so far as possible only in French settlements, their next port should be the rocky harbor of Loango, in the French Congo country. Should their coal capacity permit so long a run, their next port should be Madagascar, at which island colliers are known to have been waiting for some time. If unable to keep the sea for this distance, their only refuge

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will be an English harbor with a very frigid welcome. It is not surprising that a state council has already been held at Tokio, with the Mikado presiding, to determine the best way of opposing the Russians. Off Formosa would be the natural meeting-ground, if the Japanese fleet is foot-loose by that time; if not, it would have to await an attack in its home waters. Obviously the Japanese longing to hear of Port Arthur's fall will wax in intensity from day to day as the Baltic flotilla approaches.

Russia's refusal to join in the proposed Hague Conference is precisely what was expected. Neither the Czar nor the Mikado, in all probability, would be represented if the Congress were to be held at once. Hence the assembling of the delegates is likely to be deferred for some time to come—until the close of the war. This fact is another strong argument for ending the fruitless hostilities in Manîchuria as soon as possible. The situation there grows worse and worse, it even being admitted in the dispatches that were an attack of one side or the other to succeed, it would have no other result than to expel the defeated force from the miserable holes in which they seek protection from the cold and the enemy's cannonade. It bids fair, indeed, to parallel in some respects the winter in the Crimea, which was so fatal for the allied forces. Meanwhile, the desire of the other nations to take further steps in the direction of international comity is indefinitely balked. For consolation it is well to note that hardly a week passes without the signing of a new arbitration treaty. Even Switzerland is to have such agreements with all the leading nations and join in the latest and best international "fashion."

Prince Mirsky has conjured a greater spirit than he imagined. The delegates of the popular local assemblies have declined to restrict their debate to matters of minor policy; these representatives of the Russian people have begged protection against a tyrannical bureaucracy, and against imprisonment by extra-legal process, demanding freedom of speech and of the press, extension of suffrage for the zemstvos, confirmation of their original powers, and, finally, a national legislative body. In other words, they ask to-day what Alexander II. was about to give them freely when an assassin cut short his reign. The challenge to the bureaucracy personified in the fanatical Minister Plehve could not be more complete. No wonder, then, that Prince Mirsky lost courage, and that the presidents of the zemstvos, who had been officially invited to the City Hall, were smuggled off to private quarters, their deliberations characterized as private, and kept out of the newspapers. But as such an assemblage is well-nigh unprecedented in all the history of the Empire, its programme, once published, becomes a bill of rights, and its voice that of a States-General. And history will record this of the zemstvos presidents, whatever the immediate fortune of their plan.

The Prussian Government's latest plan for a Rhine-Hanover canal and for the canalization of the Lippe River has passed the first reading in the canal committee of the Prussian House of Representatives, and may thus be looked upon as certain of adoption, after a hard fight lasting several years. A compromise was arrived at as soon as the Government promised the Centre and certain members of the Conservative party that it would make a Government monopoly of the canal-towing business. This proposal had the warm support of the Agrarians and the National Liberals, as well as of the Conservatives, and is thus another step towards the national ownership of industries. The defeat of the Government's attempt to secure the Hibernia coal mine has in no way checked this strong tendency in Prussia. That so conservative and centralized a Government should actually lead the way in the direction so earnestly advocated by Socialists and Communists, is remarkable. Why should not the next move be ownership of all shipyards, on the ground that they are necessary to a proper system of national defence? There seems to be no good reason why this and other steps should not be taken if it is the Government's duty to purchase the improvement of its waterways by such means or to fight the Trusts by creating *cartels* of its own.

General André's resignation of the office of Minister of War was inevitable. It had been fully shown that he conducted against his own officers a threefold espionage, filing in the War Office reports from the Masonic Lodges, from tale-bearing subalterns, and from anonymous accusers, and treating all these rumors as cause for retarding the promotion of officers in any way connected with the Church. General André has defended this system: by these covert methods he found it necessary to oppose a clerical conspiracy. Yet of this assertion not the slightest proof has been produced. To realize the enormity of the system, one has only to remember that the blacklisted officers were, in most cases, proscribed simply for allowing their wives and children to attend the Roman Catholic Church. From these army revelations may be inferred whither M. Combes's anti-clericalism really tends. In the name of liberty, the devout are to be attacked as such. Already one hears from General André's lips the sinister phrase that his army is full of "enemies of the republic." A little common sense would shatter that bogey of conspiracy, but, in the present anti-clerical fervor, the lesson of General André's dismissal may be lost.

With the student riots at Innsbruck, the Italian-German dispute assumes a more serious aspect, and the experiment of establishing an Italian faculty in a wholly German town is thoroughly discredited. Three years ago the attempt was made to give law lectures in Italian at Innsbruck. It failed, because of the threatening attitude of the German students, and the Government weakly discontinued the courses. Various proposals were made to set up the Italian university in provinces largely peopled by Latins, as the Trentino or Istria. Indeed, Trent and Trieste are cities in either of which such an institution would have been welcomed. But the Austrian Government let itself be deterred by the dread of Irredentism, and last October, finding that more than a hundred Italian students at the Innsbruck law school must be provided for, it resumed the Italian lectures without warning of any kind. The natural result was that the Italian students were attacked at their first *Kommers* by their German associates, defended themselves with revolvers, and finally were roughly handled by the police under the Pan-German burgomaster, Herr Greil. The whole incident illustrates the vacillation and hesitation of Austria towards her ally. It would have been hard to make a worse mess than this race-rioting provoked by what was intended as a conciliatory measure. It seems time for the Austrian Government to transfer the school to an Italian-speaking community. Such a settlement would be made easier by the praiseworthy moderation of the Italian press.

The abortive mutinies at Verona and Genoa prove how serious the propaganda of the extreme Socialists has become. Just as our own unionists have striven to cripple the militia, the Italian "reds" find their most formidable enemy in the army. No one can deny that their sentiment is well founded. The army is their foe, not only because troops under arms have repressed Socialistic riots, but also by reason of the existence of an invisible army of reservists, who are subject to call to the colors. Nearly two years ago the Government thwarted the great railroad strike by mobilizing that class of the reserve, and, after the recent general strike in Northern Italy, Giolitti's reprimand took the form of a call to the reservists of the disorderly territory. Naturally, the Socialists would be glad to nullify so ready a means of repression. Their failure on Friday, in what was apparently to have been a general military strike, is reassuring to friends of Italy, though the attempt itself is ominous of difficulties to the present Government.

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TARIFF REVISION.

Tariff reform is thundering all around the Republican horizon. Even the *Tribune*—which it is a pleasure to find again clothed and in its right mind—is in favor of "readjustment" of the Dingley tariff; "and the quicker it comes with the least political debate the better." It declares that the latest tariff act was "faulty from the beginning"; that "the iron and steel schedules have certainly been outgrown and need revision"; that there was a strange "miscalculation" about the leather duties, which were "intended to protect cattle-raisers," but have simply hampered our export trade and made leather goods "unnecessarily dear at home." We must be excused for rubbing our eyes as we read. Yet all this is only a strict fulfilment of the prophecy made by John Sharp Williams last winter, that if the Democrats did not take up and push the tariff-reform issue, the Republicans would.

Ex-Gov. Washburn of Minnesota asserts that "nine-tenths of the thinking Republicans in this country, particularly in the Western portion of it, demand a business-like and just revision of the present tariff schedules. . . . The party cannot stand sponsor for the creation of gigantic Trusts or the building up of great home monopolies." This is the kind of sentiment which President Roosevelt's "feelers" are encountering or evoking almost everywhere. Republican Senators and Representatives who visit the White House in these halcyon post-election days, congratulate the President on his smashing defeat of the Democratic party, only to find him bent on carrying out one of the leading Democratic principles—reduction of the tariff. When even Senator Aldrich admits that tariff revision is not impossible, we may infer with all certainty that Mr. Roosevelt regards it as not only possible, but highly desirable.

We are told, however, with fine scorn, that the thing is wildly chimerical. Indignant letters reach us: "Don't you *know* that the Republican party is as incapable of revising the tariff as a manacled prisoner is of escaping from a platoon of police." Our answer is, That depends. It all turns on the question of wise handling—more narrowly, on the question of wise naming. In politics, everything is in a name. We have a fine illustration from a contemporary political movement in England. The Conservative party, after having shuddered at Irish Home Rule and fought it as next door to treason, is preparing to accede to it in principle, and to grant a large measure of it in practice. But the gross mistake is not made of calling it Home Rule. No; the Conservative augurs look gravely at each other, and say, without a wink, that what they are aiming at in Ireland is a "devolution of imperial powers." Convey the wise it call. And, similarly, it is quite possible that the Republican party may knock out the keystone of the protective arch and call it "strengthening the principle of protection."

Senator Cullom does not appear to be quite awake to what is going on. Some recent remarks of his imply that he is not aware that the election is over. His words read like a warmed-up hash of one of his campaign speeches. He starts and shies like a skittish old horse at the thought of a Republican Congress revising the tariff. It might "endanger the established prosperity of the country." It might cause "widespread nervousness." In short, the Illinois Senator recoils in theatric horror at the thought of any "sweeping cut in the tariff," just as if he were still witching audiences from the stump. But the process will not be at all what he imagines it. Properly presented, the matter would be only one proof more of the high governmental capacity of the Republican party. The Democrats had fumbled and blundered at the tariff knot, and now the Republicans would show them how to unloose it familiar as their garter. Party pride would thus be enlisted; and thereafter a careful selection of names to make tariff reduction smell sweet would help all to go smoothly. Slicing off the steel duties could be called making protection "more symmetrical." Abolishing the duties on coal and iron ore and hides could be declared "intensified protection," or "enlarging the sphere of the giant manufactures which are the sole creation of the tariff." Lowering the rates on textiles could be described as "the great compensating law of protection," while making books and works of art free might be pictured as a sagacious "broadening" of the definitely established principle of the high tariff. And as for the people being made nervous, or business thrown into qualms, by any project of Republican tariff revision, that could all be met by quietly assuming that nothing Republicans may do can possibly disturb anybody—unless it be Democrats who see their issue coolly appropriated.

A conservative party is, historically, the one to do radical things. The radical party talks about them, frightens the country by its violence of language, entrenches its opponents in power; and then the latter proceed to dish the Whigs by stealing their clothes. This is one way in which political progress is made. The Opposition cannot win office, but forces its ideas upon those who can. The Government is in office, very often, while it is the Opposition that is truly in power. This may be thought hard, politically, upon the radical party. It would doubtless prefer "the fruitful task of administration to the spent candor of criticism." But it may find consolation in the reflection that, after all, it is ideas alone which count and live in politics; and that to have got a political idea made militant and put in practice is the great thing, no matter what the party or the personal instrument in the work may happen to be.

It will be awkward for Mr. Chamberlain if the Republican party, under the President's lead, actually puts through a measure of tariff reform in this country. In England, "tariff reform" means just the opposite of what it does with us. There the reform contemplated is a higher tariff; and in urging the establishment of protective duties, Mr. Chamberlain has continually harped on the example of the United States. It is not merely that he accepts all the tales about protection having made our soil rich and our laborers skilful; he has continually pointed to our high tariff as a menace to England. To strike back at us has been one of his professed aims. So, too, Premier Balfour has defended his own policy of retaliation as one that the protective system in America has forced upon him—so far has he wandered from the maxim of Sir Robert Peel, that the way to meet our protective tariffs is by making your own trade still more free. But if English statesmen now perceive that the business sense of the United States is insisting upon reforming our tariff down (since we cannot take Hamlet's advice and reform it altogether), they will be less disposed to set about reforming their tariff up. That would be a good thing for them and for us.

THE VOICE OF DISCONTENT.

The Socialist vote in the national election was large enough to excite general comment. The exact figures cannot yet be given, but the estimates put the total at 600,000 in round numbers. This is about six times the vote of four years ago. The rapid growth of the party is shown by a table prepared by Jack London, himself a Socialist, who speaks, so far as any one can, with authority:

1888	2,068
1892	21,512
1894	30,120
1895	34,869
1896	36,275
1897	55,550
1898	82,204
1900	98,424
1902	225,903
1904 (estimated)	600,000

This last figure, impressive in itself, is doubly significant when it is compared with what precedes.

Where did these votes come from? For a detailed analysis this is neither the time nor place. The results in a few States, however, are worth considering more fully. California gave the Socialists 7,572 in 1900, and 35,000 in 1904; Iowa, 2,778 in 1900, 6,421 in 1903, and 11,236 in 1904; Illinois, 10,350 in 1900, and 150,000 in 1904; New York, 25,491 and 48,000; Rhode Island, 1,423

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and 1,909; Massachusetts, 10,510 in 1900, 29,812 in 1903, and 15,494 in 1904. In explanation of these figures it should be said that the totals for 1900 and 1903 generally lump the vote divided between the two small socialistic parties, and those for this year are estimates. The statements are accurate enough to afford a basis for some general observations.

The first is that in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where the Socialist vote has been jealously watched for several years by the other parties, and where the Socialists have been openly spoken of as the gravest menace to the old alignment, the movement shows singular weakness: only a slight gain in Rhode Island and a heavy loss in Massachusetts. Many people had expected that these large manufacturing communities would remain the strongholds of Socialism; but, through their candidates for Governor, the Democrats made a successful assault upon the so-called labor vote, from which the New England Socialists draw their main support. Gov. Garvin has always had the labor vote of Rhode Island, and he had it this year, for, though he was defeated by a plurality of a few hundred, he ran thousands ahead of his ticket. Mr. Douglas also attracted the labor vote. Ever since the election the Massachusetts papers have been trying to explain why; and, moreover, why these same wage-earners also voted for Roosevelt. The mixed motives that sway large masses can never be satisfactorily analyzed. Yet this much is true: Mr. Douglas is a large employer, popular with his men; Gov. Bates had offended the wage-earners by one or two vetoes; and President Roosevelt exercises the same potent influence in New England as in the rest of the country. When Douglas and Garvin broke up the straight Socialistic ticket, the remaining fragments were swept into the Republican whirlpool.

Notwithstanding losses in New England, the Socialists are justified in venting their exultation; for the first time they have succeeded in making a perceptible impression upon the American electorate. Their spokesmen now recall a remark attributed to the late Senator Hanna, "The next great issue this country will have to meet will be Socialism"; and they assert that this issue is now confronting us. They recite the history of the development of the Republican party from the Free Soil party, and prophesy like successes for their cause. Prediction is a hazardous business. The Socialists may be right; but, again, they may be snuffed out like the Populists, who a decade ago seemed even more formidable, but who succeeded only in teaching the country that it is easier to be weary of the Government we have than to mend ourselves by a change. We venture to doubt whether the Socialists ever secure a majority for their present rather nebulous programme.

Nebulous, we say; for though many Socialists are out for definite things, such as Government ownership of all public utilities—say, railways, lighting plants, and waterworks—the party is as yet a confused babel of voices, in which the most strident note is the cry of the discontented. There is the mild Socialist, who would begin with the railways and telegraphs, and thus slowly and peacefully pass from victory to victory, till he ushers in a millennium in which the capitalistic lion and the oppressed lamb lie down together. There is the extremist, who scorns compromising and temporizing; with the watchword, "Death to capital!" he would offer no quarter, but would go to the limit, and go at once. His banner, he shouts to us, "is blood red [symbolizing the blood of man], and it preaches the passionate gospel of the brotherhood of man." The plan "is to confiscate, with or without remuneration, all the possessions of the capitalist class which are used in the production and distribution of the necessaries and luxuries of life"—that is, practically everything. As to ways and means he is somewhat hazy.

He does not grapple with the question much more definitely than that valiant Republican, William Allen White of Kansas. Mr. White, on the morning after election, assured us that "the problems facing Theodore Roosevelt are the problems concerning the distribution of wealth." Mr. White is convinced that the poor man does not get his share of the good things, while "the promoter, the capitalist, and the captain of industry reap rich rewards." Mr. White presses upon "Theodore Roosevelt, the man for the hour," the following brief sketch of a reform movement:

> "Laws to regulate and control Trusts; laws to regulate and control railroad rates and service; laws to regulate and control public utilities—street railroads, telephones, public heating plants, telegraph companies, water companies, lighting companies, and all corporations which serve the people with necessaries and comforts of life."

Mr. White also assures us that "laws to regulate and control the man who unbridles his greed behind corporate organization to oppress the people or to swindle them, must be made in the next generation if the country is to maintain its integrity as a liberty-cherishing people." With all this accomplished, many moderate Socialists would rest fairly satisfied. If the Western Republicans can carry with them in such a crusade the capitalists of the Eastern wing of the party, they will cut the ground from under the feet of the Socialists. Furthermore, a Democratic alliance which may also modify the demands of the extremists is within the range of possibility. But a forecast is futile; for these things lie in the lap of the gods.

BURDENS OF A BOSS.

As the young American passes through the several stages of boyhood his ambitions expand. The lad of five thinks that to be a policeman is the height of earthly glory; at eight he prefers the career of a bareback circus-rider; at ten, that of a soldier; and at fifteen, that of the President of the United States. But when he becomes a voter and begins to comprehend the richness and fulness of the perfect life, he aspires to be a political boss. Far be it from us to discourage these lofty aims: our purpose is merely to point out that, in present conditions, the boss does not find it all beer and skittles. Hercules had many things to keep him busy. Atlas is the commonly accepted type of a man with his hands full. St. Paul, after referring to his journeyings and perils, his weariness, pain, and watching, complained to the Corinthians that he had also "the care of all the churches." But, as those who read the remarks of Gov. Odell reported in Thursday's morning papers must admit, your modern political boss may without boasting assert that he has laid upon him at once the labors of Hercules, the burden of Atlas, and the cares of St. Paul.

To enumerate the duties of a boss in the brief space of a single issue of this journal would be impossible; we mention merely a few of the more conspicuous. First, he must teach all his subordinates, from the President of the United States down to the humblest ward-worker, to know their places. The workers are comparatively easy to handle. Like the dog, they lick the hand that feeds them, whether it strikes or not. A few crumbs at reasonable intervals, accompanied by appropriate kicks and cuffs, will keep the rank and file of minor henchmen quiet as kittens and bursting with gratitude. Ordinary legislators and Congressmen are also fairly manageable. Like the horse, they demand more kindness than the dog, and they occasionally kick over the traces. But if they are kept well fed and held with a firm hand, they make little or no trouble. For years Senator Platt drove the New York Congressmen, the State Senators, and the Assemblymen exactly as he pleased; single or double harness, tandem, hitched to racing sulkies, broughams, drays, ploughs, or garbage carts—they never balked. The secret of his success was plenty of oats. Gov. Odell, we regret to note, though firmer than Platt, frequently mixes sawdust with the bran.

Governors and Presidents offer a difficult problem. They often get puffed up with notions of their own importance; are, in short, swayed by delusions of greatness. They talk so much about their duties to the people that they begin actually to imagine they are no longer responsible to the boss. They like to

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pose as independent executives; they develop a canine appetite for popularity that makes them hesitate to perform the simple and obvious duty of licking a boss's boots in public. Platt found Roosevelt as Governor too often intractable, and to render him harmless forced him into the Vice-Presidency. Odell was worse yet, for he choked the old boss black in the face and seized the place and perquisites for himself. He is now experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune, for he has had to listen with a forced smile while Higgins declares himself "no man's man," and he is making little or no headway with the President. A few days ago he tried to take down the President's pride by telling reporters that the result in this State was not wholly due to Roosevelt's popularity, but the effort was such a ghastly failure that Odell is now visibly perturbed.

Besides treading his subordinates under foot, the boss must fill a thousand offices, and win the undying hatred of the ten thousand hungry seekers who are crowded out. Throwing such chicken-feed as clerkships to the small fry becomes a daily pastime, but the election of a United States Senator demands time and skill. Generally, you cannot settle the matter between courses at luncheon. Gov. Odell fully realizes the magnitude of the task, and he approaches it with proper humility. He does not commit himself to Black, and he will not speak harshly of poor old Depew, for whom he evidently feels sincere pity. He has, however, said frankly to Senator Platt, "The matter must be left in my hands to be worked out." "Work" is the very word. Some men have time for meals; a few multi-millionaires and manual laborers can afford an eight-hour day; but the toils of a boss are never ended. When Sunday comes round, and J. P. Morgan and Edward W. Bok can rest with a light heart and an easy conscience, the jaded boss must turn out of bed bright and early for Sunday-school at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Well may he envy the galley-slave his ease and freedom.

Worse than all, the boss must rule single-handed; he can "bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne." Brother Odell near the throne was the undoing of Thomas C. Platt; and that experience has not been forgotten, for even the blessed "Tapewormers," Littauer and Ward, are not allowed within ten feet of the dais. The Kaiser knows that all his steps are divinely guided. The President has Cabinet advisers, and he is checked by the legislative and the judicial departments. A Governor's power is also bounded by law and precedent. But the boss is an absolute sovereign. He is responsible to no one but himself in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. His rights transcend those of legislature, court, and executive, which are the mere instruments of his pleasure.

This is a hard ordeal for a man of delicate conscience. He is bound by an unwritten but inflexible code to secure all the plunder he can for the machine and for himself. And yet if he takes everything in sight, the voters, who are singularly stupid about mastering the rules of the game, are likely to turn his heelers out of office. The dilemma is painful. If he complies with the exacting demands of boss honor and lives up to his rights, he suffers at the polls; if he makes a show of dividing even with the people, he might as well not be boss. Pleasant enough it is to be able to say with Governor-Chairman Odell: "In my opinion a majority of the Legislature of New York will do what I may advise in party matters"; but what shall the advice be? Is it safe to carry away everything that is not nailed down? How soon will an affront to public sentiment be forgotten? How bad a man is it possible to nominate and still win? How far must one go in pandering to the decent element? These are the perplexing questions that a boss must answer, and answer alone, conscious that, if he guesses wrong, the jackals are waiting to glut themselves on his wretched carcass.

MUNICIPAL EXTRAVAGANCE IN ENGLAND.

While Englishmen are pondering the formidable increase of national expenditure, they receive, from time to time, uncomfortable reminders that the cost of local government is advancing at a portentous rate. The latest shock is administered by Mr. R. J. Thompson, who has made for the Royal Statistical Society a very comprehensive study of local finance in England and Wales. The results of his investigation may well give food for serious reflection; they demonstrate, indeed, that there are certain "parochial" questions which demand the attention even of men who are "imperially minded" and scorn the affairs of little England. They also suggest to the American reader the unpleasant query whether a similar study of conditions in this country would not disclose a state of affairs too much akin to that in Great Britain.

The chaotic condition of English local government a generation ago made it impossible to collect complete data concerning financial affairs, and to-day comprehensive returns are available only for the seventeen years extending from 1885 to 1902. During this period the aggregate local expenditures defrayed out of other revenues than loans increased from £44,054,000 to £87,377,000, or about 98 per cent.; while the outstanding debt of the local governments advanced from £173,208,000 to £343,417,000, the percentage of increase again standing at 98. Meanwhile the population of England and Wales has advanced not more than 20 per cent., so that both the ordinary expenditures of the local governments and their outstanding debts have increased about five times as fast as population. If Commissioner Wright and some other American statisticians could only have been set to work upon the problem, they would have proved, doubtless, that, although expenditures had outrun population, the wealth of England and Wales had advanced even more rapidly; and would have shown that the figures indicated nothing more than that John Bull had been living up to his larger income. Unfortunately, however, "prosperity statistics" are an undeveloped art in England, so that our unsophisticated cousins know perfectly well that their wealth has not kept pace with the growth of local outlay. Therefore, deprived of that consolation, they are unable to contemplate the situation with unmixed satisfaction.

At this point our friends, the champions of municipal ownership, will ask, Is it not true that the increased outlay has been due to the growth of municipal trading; and is it not counterbalanced, therefore, by the revenue derived from waterworks, gas plants, and tramways? Undoubtedly, some allowance must be made for this factor; but when this is done the result is not materially affected. Exclusive of "reproductive undertakings," so dear to the heart of the Fabians, local expenditures have risen from £38,924,000 in 1885 to £74,045,000 in 1902, or something more than 90 per cent.; so that, with municipal trading left out of the account, the outlay has increased four and one-half times as fast as population. And in the case of local indebtedness the situation is the same; debts contracted for other purposes have increased quite as rapidly as those incurred for municipal trading. Therefore, examine the figures as you will, a startling growth of expenditures is too clear to be mistaken.

When we inquire how the bills have been paid, the results are of equal interest. Of the total outlay for the seventeen years, no less than £170,209,000, representing the increase of local indebtedness, has been left for future generations to settle; and of this, less than one-half is represented by investments in municipal industries. Then, of the £43,323,000 of additional annual outlay, not defrayed by loans, only £13,648,000 is covered by increased receipts from "reproductive enterprises" and miscellaneous incomes; leaving £29,675,000 to be met by heavier taxation. In 1902 the imperial exchequer was charged with £8,900,000 of this additional weight of taxes, and local rates had to bear the remaining £20,680,000. From 1885 to 1902, grants from the Imperial treasury increased 240 per cent.,

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while local rates advanced 80 per cent.; so that neither the national nor the local taxpayer has escaped the growing pressure caused by heavier expenditures.

The situation is made worse by the further fact that the increase of local debt and expenditure was more rapid in the later years under examination than in the earlier. From 1885 to 1890 ordinary expenditures advanced 9 per cent., and local indebtedness by 15 per cent.; from 1890 to 1895 expenditures increased 24 per cent. and indebtedness 18 per cent.; while from 1895 to 1900 the figures were, respectively, 27 and 25 per cent. And from 1900 to 1902 the returns indicate no tendency toward a slackening of the pace, so that the increase is not only continuous, but progressive. It is, moreover, confined to no one or two classes of local outlay, but is common to all. Some satisfaction may be found in the facts that expenditures for poor relief showed the smallest rate of increase between 1885 and 1902, and that the greatest advance was in the outlay for education; yet the first item can boast of an increase of 50 per cent., so that there is no reason for excessive enthusiasm even here.

The rise of local expenditures has been rapid, progressive, all-pervasive, and it is time for the subject to receive careful attention both within and without Parliament. It may be highly important to tax the laborer's bread, or to place a protective duty upon screws and other products of Birmingham industries, while the eternal salvation of South Africa may depend upon the introduction of coolie labor. But it is desirable also to pay some heed to those little-Englanders who have to bear the pressure of local rates; and some consideration should be given to coming generations that are to inherit the consequences of present-day extravagance. Some increase of local expenditures was, doubtless, inevitable, and for much of the money that has been spent both the present and the coming generation will have something to show. But the outlay cannot continue to grow five times as fast as population without producing the most serious results; and, through action of Parliament or in some other way, the local authorities must be taught to aim at the golden mean between parsimony and extravagance.

THE ITALIAN DIALECTS.

ALASSIO, October 15, 1904.

The Italian language, for all its accredited position as the language of the nation, has never been able to supersede the dialects. The traveller in Italy must be a long time in the country before he appreciates how firmly established these dialects are in the common usage. Everybody with whom he has to do speaks to him the best Italian at his command; he does not at once perceive that when his interlocutor—be he coachman, waiter, innkeeper, shopman, lawyer, or even professor or man of the world—turns to those of his own kith and kin, he talks in quite a different language, probably incomprehensible to the foreigner. There are indeed cities, like Bologna, where the language of the street is not admitted into the *salotto;* but, outside of these and that favored region in the centre of Italy where the common speech excites the admiration and the envy of men born in less fortunate regions, those who among their intimates speak Italian are exceptions—I cannot say to what extent they are rare. What is more, many cities have one or two newspapers—generally satirical and often very clever—wherein the local sentiments find expression in the popular tongue. The dialect theatres are sometimes of a high order; who that ever saw him can forget the inimitable Ferravilla of Milan, or who that has heard "Le Disgrassie de Monsù Travett" will deny that some of the best comedies of the modern répertoire are written in Piedmontese? And the Venetian plays of Goldoni, if not those of more recent writers, are famous throughout the world. But there is also noble dialect poetry, though I doubt if its fame outside of Italy is equal to its deserts. How many Americans know even by name the Milanese Carlo Porta, or the Roman sonneteer G. G. Belli, notwithstanding that he has been celebrated in these very columns, or the Tuscan sonnets of the author of the "Veglie di Neri"? It is only the student of the *Risorgimento* who has heard of the patriotic songs of the Turinese Brofferio, and of the part they played in the awakening of the modern Italy; and even among those who love the by-ways of XVIIIth-century letters there can be but few who have felt the charm of the anacreontic and pastoral poetry of the Palermitan Giovanni Meli, "so ingenuous and suave that there is perhaps nothing to equal it in the literature of the nation."

These writers mostly belong to times when they were Venetian, Roman, Lombard, or Sicilian first, and Italian only in a lesser degree. To-day, when the national feeling overtops that of the region, dialect literature is but a wider expression of the family feeling, and as such it is as flourishing as ever, or rather seems everywhere on the increase, and reveals that enduring attachment to the scenes, the habits, the tongue in which he was brought up, which is so beautiful a trait in the character of the Italian. It was but this morning that I was reading a comedy of Fogazzaro, written in the variety of the Venetian dialect that is spoken at Vicenza. And along with the play of Fogazzaro, there lies before me an example of a kindred variety in the 'Canzoniere Veronese' of Berto Barbarani, whose gentle muse charms by simplicity, tenderness, and melody. Both poems and comedy are samples of the dialects of the Venetian country *(il Veneto)* without being Venetian *(Veneziano)*. The dialects are more flexible and multiform than the national speech, which is itself, in the matter of fixity of form, at the opposite pole from the French. The dialect has been less dominated by its literature, has been beneath the attention of academies, and so, left to the processes of nature, has remained as fluid as the air that enters into every cranny and envelops and adapts itself to the myriad accidents of the earth's surface. Thus it is that, in the little community where I live, an Alassian can, blindfolded, tell from the speech alone whether persons brought to him belong to the east or the west end, or to the centre, of the town—to La Coscia, that is, to Borgo Barusso, or to the Piazza.

It needs, however, one who is native and to the manner born to recognize the variations obtaining between places even more widely separated. No stranger, not even an Italian, I believe, could distinguish by the speech a Mantuan from a Veronese, though the difference would be immediately apparent to an inhabitant of either city. The same thing may be true of the towns of the Emilia, though the variations are so considerable that a play written in the Modenese dialect has to be translated in order to adapt it to the stage of Bologna. The popular speech undergoes modifications from town to town, until at Piacenza it is a mere cadence that, to the ordinary ear, links it with that of Bologna, though the dialects of the two cities are still of the same group. Thus, step by step, all over Italy, each city, each village, each hamlet possesses, with its peculiar physiognomy, certain ways, observances, traditions that are all its own, and, moreover, its own language. And how deeply rooted the local characteristics are, we understand when we see how much more difficult it is to permanently transplant the Italian than the native of other countries. Hard necessity may drive him from his home, but the moment he feels that he has collected enough to live, however simply, in the place of his birth, his return thither is determined.

To the foreigner there is a great difference between these dialects as regards the ease of reading them. Not only are some much further removed from ordinary Italian than others, but also the orthography adopted by a given writer may be either a help or a hindrance in the way of understanding. The Roman dialect, for instance —which bears somewhat the same relation to Italian that *eau rougie* does to pure water—presents perhaps as few difficulties as any to the Anglo-Saxon reader, and yet the spelling of Belli gives it at the outset a false air of ruggedness, wanting in the writings of some more modern poets. The Venetian of Goldoni presents a barrier soon surmounted, as is also that of Fogazzaro in "El Garofalo," while the Veronese of Barbarani renders a vocabulary occasionally useful even to an Italian. Indeed, of several of the dialects a dictionary exists: that of the Milanese, for one, fills a volume respectable both in size and in appearance. Without it one would scarcely make much headway with the poetry of Porta, and a similar volume would be equally useful if you would properly understand the comedies of the Piedmontese Bersezio—and you would need another for the pleasantries of "Ehi! ch'al Scusa" of Bologna. As for the Genoese, which might well puzzle the Evil One himself as Basque is said to do, its asperities hide no treasure of literature that the world is the poorer for wanting. It is a boast among Ligurians that they possess a language which, as it is spoken among themselves, is incomprehensible to other Italians; and, so far as I know, no vocabulary of it exists. It is, indeed, a sort of pariah among the dialects, so that there need be little shame in confessing that, after nearly a quarter of a

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century of practice, I should shrink from being left alone for long with one who can speak nothing else. It is true that nowadays these are in the minority, and are confined to the generation that is passing away.

So, on the other hand, it is fortunate that the ever-delightful sarcasm of Belli is embodied in language that presents no serious obstacles to the foreign reader. And, as I have said, even such as exist are diminished, thanks to a simpler system of spelling, in the case of two poets of to-day whose acquaintance many Americans may be happy to make. In fact, I think I may introduce here a little fable, untranslatable in all that makes it charming, that is so nearly Italian that I scarce need to notify any one that *er=il, vojo=voglio, fa'=fare, mette'=mettere, annammene=andarmene, agnede=andò, pijà'=pigliare, so'=sono.* I beg pardon of any to whom the explanation appears too utterly superfluous.

ER PORCO.

Un vecchio Porco disse a certe Vacche:
—La vojo fa' finita
Di fa' 'sta porca vita.
Me vojo mette' er fracche,
Le *scarpe co' lo scrocchio,*
Un fiore, un vetro all' occhio,
E annammene in città,
Indove c'è la gente più pulita
Che bazzica la bona società.——

Fu un detto e un fatto, e quella sara istessa
Agnede a pijà' er tè da 'na contessa,
S'intrufolò framezzo a le signore,
Disse quarche parola de francese,
Sonò, cantò, ballò, fece l'amore.
Ma doppo du' o tre giorni
Er vecchio Porco ritornò ar paese.
—Che?—fecero le Vacche—già ritorni?
Dunque la società poco te piace. . . .
—No—disse er Porco—so' minchionerie!
Io ce starebbe bene, me dispiace
Che ce se fanno troppe porcherie. . . .

A few of the "Favole Romanesche" are old acquaintances made once in Æsop or La Fontaine, but modernized in dress and still more in spirit. If ever they teach the old lessons, it is in a whimsical, topsy-turvy way; in general, they laugh them to scorn. Of the modern fables it cannot be pretended that all are equal to the sample given above, but all are gay, and ease and the grace of naturalness are not wanting, while on occasion the acuteness and the neatness of the sarcasm are stimulating as good champagne.

The 'Favole' as well as two other slender volumes are by Trilussa, whose *nom de guerre* is but a simple anagram of his real name, Salustri. All three of them, indeed, may be called pamphlets rather than volumes, and all of them have met with an unusual degree of favor from the public, though I cannot but think them of unequal value. Perhaps it is that the contents rather are unequal among themselves in the 'Favole' and also in the volume 'Caffè Concerto,' which consists of about seventy-five sonnets, some of them, indeed, charming, while a few are simply trivial, and there are many that seem more or less good according to the mood in which one reads them. All, however, have the undoubted merit of being full of life. Like those of Belli, they are the artless talk of the uneducated poor, or of the small *borghesi,* given with such truth that one seems to see as well as hear the speaker. Of the third volume there can scarcely be two opinions. 'Er Serrajo' is the story of the strike of the beasts in a menagerie, and is brimful of drollery and sharp, though light-hearted, sarcasm from beginning to end. Indeed, it is the peculiarity of the sarcasm of Trilussa that, keen as are its shafts and certain in their aim, they seem directed in the purest spirit of playfulness. There is no bitterness in the laugh of the satirist, though occasionally his gayety, like that of Beaumarchais, deals a heavy blow. Occasionally, too, he indulges in a touch of pathos, though this is very rare. The 'Favole' were, one by one as they were written, the entertainment of certain Roman *salotti,* and were introduced to the general cultured public in journals, and perhaps chiefly in a triumphal series of readings in various cities.

The readings, by the way, have lately been frequent, and other poets have by their means become known even to the many who never buy a book. It was easy to understand, in the case of Trilussa, with whom the form is so light and the laugh comes so readily, that even the unlettered should be taken by his charm. The recognition accorded to another Roman poet, Cesare Pascarella, does honor to the quickness and delicacy of perception of his audiences. Some of his sonnets, it is true, concerned perhaps with the reflections of a bootblack or a newsboy, are to be distinguished from those of Trilussa only, if at all, by a certain superior closeness of fibre. His humor is apt to be grim, and his muse is altogether a more serious personage than that of his brother poet. It is not so easy to give an example of his manner as of that of Trilussa. I can find no single sonnet so completely representative of him as the fable I have cited is of the other. I, however, take at random one entitled "Li Principii," being the view of a man of the people as to freedom of opinion; it seems to me to demand no explanation.

Diceva bene Checco a l'osteria:
"Ogni omo deve avécce er suo pensiero."
Pensi bianco? Si un antro pensa nero
Rispetteje er pensiero e cusì sia.

Vor dì, si te ce trovi in compagnia,
Je pòi dì':— Tu te sbaji . . . Nun è vero . . .—
Ma sempre semo ll, vacce leggero,
Perchè ar monno ce vo' filosofia.

E scrivetelo drento a la ragione,
Che fra l'omo e er principio cambia aspetto.
Io defatti, si in quarche discussione

Trovo che dì' co' quarche giovenotto,
Quello che sia principio lo rispetto,
Ma quello che sia omo lo scazzotto.

But Pascarella, if all his sonnets were of this order, would be little more than a continuation of Belli. This is, to be sure, high praise for him, as it would be for any poet of to-day, only he deserves much more. In the little series of five sonnets entitled "Er Fattaccio," the satire is of a seriousness which shows him capable of taking a line that is all his own, while in "Er Morto de Campagna" and "La Serenata," as Mantovani has well said, "you are conscious of something tragic and grandiose, a breath of the higher poetry, that causes the style to shudder and flash, even while it is still marked by the most perfect naturalness." But Pascarella has attained to a still greater height in "Villa Gloria," the story of the ill-fated expedition against Rome in which the youthful brothers Cairoli were engaged. I cannot resist the temptation to give authority to my judgment by borrowing a few sentences from the eloquent tribute of Carducci:

"Everything here is true; it is not the poet who speaks; it is a *trasteverino* who saw and took part; therefore, the *epos* comes into being in dialect form naturally, and not by convention. The *trasteverino,* I repeat, is one of the seventy; . . . and, at the distance of eighteen years, the ardor of his generous youth, pondered over and animating him anew, illumines his account with the splendors of a chastened fancy; and in that account, . . . by the impulse of the firm and muscular language, the epic line is lifted and spreads itself monumental through the five and twenty sonnets. Never did poetry in an Italian dialect rise to this height. The art and the power of Porta and of Belli are very great, but in a poetry that denies, mocks, destroys; classic if you will the art of Meli, but outside of life in an upper Arcadia. To give shape to the heroic ideal of the Italians who die for their country, with the emotion of a great heart of the people, with the sincerity of a man of action, in dialect poetry—no one had thought of that; no one had dreamed that it could be done."

The little volume that contains all the published sonnets of Pascarella closes with a series of fifty, in which a humble narrator gives the story of the discovery of America. Here the poet descends from the epic height to the level of common life, but to my mind he has written nothing more delightful in its way. The first sonnet of the series contains perhaps the nearest approach he has made to the lightness and pure sportiveness of Trilussa. Here it is, that you may judge for yourself:

Ma che dichi? Ma leva mano, leva!
Ma prima assai che lui l'avesse trovo,
Ma sai da quanto tempo lo sapeva,
Che ar monno c'era pure er monno novo!

E siccome la gente ce rideva
Lui sai che fece un giorno? Prese un ovo,
E lì in presenza a chi nun ci credeva,
Je fece, dice:—Adesso ve lo provo.

E lì, davanti a tutti, zitto zitto,
Prese quell'ovo e, senza complimenti,
Paffete!, je lo fece aregge' dritto.

Eh! ner vede', quell' ovo dritto in piede,
Pure li più contrari più scontenti.
Eh, saammarco! ce cominciorno a crede.

And the comic vein runs through the whole narrative, though the fun is not always so broad as in this first sonnet. The naturalness is unerringly such that one is continually recognizing the speaker as an old acquaintance, and is perhaps surprised that one should have found him so much less entertaining in real life.

And just because in general the language of literature is Italian, and even those who habitually talk in dialect seek to express themselves in the purest Tuscan at their command the moment that they put pen to paper, in print the dialect seems properly to belong exclusively to the people. The masters of Romanesque poetry have consistently recognized this. So that, when one finds a series of poems like that in the *Nuova Antologia* for August 1 of this year, entitled "A Fiumicino," delicate pictures of nature in the Roman Campagna, one feels that, charming as they all undoubtedly are, there is no special reason why they should have been written in dialect. The same remark has been made about the eighteenth-century poetry of the Sicilian Meli, as well as of that of the Venetians Buratti and Lamberti. The criticism is perhaps not justified, but in any case it is certain that the plebeians who talk in the sonnets of Belli, of Trilussa, of Pascarella, give them a dramatic or comic vigor that carries us along with it, and impresses itself indelibly upon the memory.

S. K.

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Correspondence.

WHERE WE STAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The difficulty I find in the political situation, as I now see it, is radical. The tariff seems to me to be at the bottom of the trouble, and the protective system runs naturally into the labor question. The result, as I see it, is that the political forces of the country are, unconsciously but rapidly, arraying themselves on the two sides of Plutocracy and Populism—which last is merely a phase of Socialism; the struggle being for the possession of the machinery of the Government, and what that implies.

In the elements composing the Democratic party, or the Opposition, I see no principle of intelligent cohesion. The Opposition is made up of odds-and-ends, presenting nothing but rubble to build on. The old cries of economy, individualism, freedom of trade, elicit no response. The crystallization is on wholly new lines; and they all lead up to some form of Governmental interference, whether for protection of favored articles of manufacture or bodies of organized workpeople. There is no recurrence to sound political philosophy or principle. The enunciation of anything of the sort falls on deaf ears.

The money interest, or what I have called the plutocracy, has, naturally, secured complete control of the Republican party and the United States Senate. For the Populist, or Socialistic, element to dislodge it therefrom is, in my judgment, practically impossible; nor do I sympathize with that element—its political action and tendency seem to me inherently selfish and unsound. On the other hand, the plutocratic power is perfectly willing to feed out pap to the Populist elements in the form of class and labor legislation, pensions, etc., etc. Pursuing this system of bribery, it has, therefore, under ordinary conditions, nothing to fear.

This being so, and taking into consideration the enormous mass of our community, any future change in the Administration of our Government will be merely skin deep. It cannot go to the essence of things. In my view of the matter, therefore, we have entered on an entirely new stage in the history of the United States. We have grown rich too fast, and must accept the consequences; the old theories and ideals have lost their hold. The simple issue, now and hereafter, will, as I have said, be for the control of the machinery of the Government, and the consequent distribution of its favors and patronage through class legislation. A change will, and can, work no radical benefit, inasmuch as there is no earnestness or grasp of principle in the attacking elements. The protective principle cannot be disestablished. As Mr. Roosevelt says, it is a cardinal article of public policy.

If I am correct in this diagnosis, there is absolutely no place for me in the politics of the future. I abominate the whole protective system, "Trust" or "Union." The principles and theories of the Protectionists and the Populists are, to my mind, equally objectionable. Under these circumstances, I have reached the conclusion that, for me, "the jig is up." This last election puts the seal of finality on the changes wrought through the Spanish war, and the new influences thereby introduced. They are part of the system of the future; but I belong to the generation the work of which was done between the year 1850 and the close of the century. I am neither part nor parcel of the present or the future. Its problems and conflicts concern the next generation, and not those to which I pertained. We have entered on a new order of things. BURNHAM WOOD.

November 12, 1904.

THE SOUTH AND THE VERDICT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial note on the causes of the excessive Democratic overthrow embodies the essence of a letter I was about sending to you, and which may therefore seem needless. But as my views were elaborated at greater length, and are those of a Mugwump for three decades who would have preferred (though he knew it impossible) Parker's success on a balance of reasons, it may not be without profit to your Southern readers to know that others take the same view of the avalanche, and why even a non-partisan Northerner, deeply opposed to the Republican "machine," finds the result rational, and on one side making for progress.

More than to any other one cause, this great surge of anti-Democratic feeling is due to the Southern question, aggressively forced to the front by the leading classes of that section for several years—a trinity which may be conveniently summed up under the heads, lynching, disfranchisement, and Booker Washington—the last trivial in itself, but all the more significant and mischievous in its implications and reactions. All these have stirred up through the North a fast-growing spirit of wrathful opposition, and the third a bristling scorn therewith, which altogether have many resemblances to the Northern state of mind just after the civil war, that took shape in the Reconstruction legislation. Of course, the present conditions make an exact recurrence of such Northern action impossible; but our Southern friends will make a great mistake, nevertheless, if they think the feeling can or will have no effect and do them no harm. It will be felt in many ways, some plain on the surface and some not, which they will not like; and will strengthen the hands of the dominant party for some very ugly administrative and possibly legislative acts, if they do not profit by this advance lesson. It is not any one of these items which has built up the new sentiment that the South is the same old South and must be taught a new lesson, but the cumulative effect of all.

First must be placed the steadily increasing horror and disgust at the lickerish delight in slaughter and torture which has spread over so much of the South, not surpassed—and in respect of the slow, Indian-like tortures, not equalled—by the Roman crowds in the amphitheatres. This has long since left all the stock excuses for it hopelessly out of sight, mere pretexts for a gloating, craving thirst for the infliction of torments which are almost ludicrous in their irrelevance: protection of women—when not a fifth of them have any relation to sexual outrage, and some of them are of women themselves (do women ravish women in the South?); law's delay—when nowhere in the South is there ever any delay in putting a negro to death, and many of the atrocities consist in taking the victim out of the hands of the legal officers on their way to the gallows with him, or out of the prison where he is waiting almost immediate execution, in order to put him to death illegally and give the crowd a fête. Hideous murders of negroes for petty larceny, or even for being "disrespectful"—in one case a girl was savagely murdered for refusing to tell a mob the whereabouts of her brother, whom they were going to butcher for a trivial theft; in another the excuse was that the negro was "saucy"—do the Southerners think this is going on for ever and yet the rest of the country put power in the hands of a party of which they form the controlling element? They have been deceived by finding some Northern apologists and much Northern perplexity what to do; they share the frequent fallacy that people will endure in growing volume for all time what they endure for a while in hope that it will right itself.

Even more rankling, because felt as snatching from us the fruits of lavish blood and sacrifice still passionately cherished in memory, is the wholesale abolition of the civil rights of the negroes as negroes, without regard to intellect, conduct, property, or any other token of fitness; making them a permanent caste of aliens with no motive or prize for good citizenship. This has been done with open and exultant boasts (swelling of late into a noisy chorus which has incensed Northern classes whose friendship the South cannot afford to lose) that it has virtually abolished the Fifteenth Amendment and half the Fourteenth; and the demand has been openly made that the former be legally rescinded. Decoration Day is somewhat faded, but it is not so dead as that yet. This is the answer of the North and West to that demand. The Amendment will not be repealed; and the sooner the intelligence of the South stops playing with fire, stops looking back on and striving to repossess the fleshpots of reaction and obscurantism, the better for the section. This election shows that the Old Guard is doomed; there is no national footing for either a varnished slavocracy or a rebaptized Doughface element striking hands with it. The opposition factors are growing much faster in proportion. I do not say that the South may not maintain its disfranchisement laws to the full; but it will do so only by the utter sacrifice of any hope of sharing in the political control of the nation, of having its policy and its wishes again a part of the national programme; and its payments will not end with that. If it wants to be a partner with a voice, it must modify the laws and practice to allow the negroes to *earn* full citizenship if they will.

The capstone has been put to this structure by the Booker Washington incident; as to which it is enough to say that probably no Northerner, by any effort of intellectual sympathy, can put himself on the plane of even understanding what the hysterics are about. That the decencies of human intercourse to a great colored genius—Washington, Dumas, or Toussaint—involve opening your receptions to negro bootblacks and

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CARNEGIE BRANCH

plasterers, and approving the marrying of your children with the rabble of Darktown, seems to him as insane a piece of silliness as that the same courtesies to Li Hung Chang would presuppose a like extension to Chinese laundrymen or keepers of opium joints. The fact also that a guestship which would have been considered quite natural and proper by Queen Victoria, Lord Salisbury, President Loubet, or the Czar is felt as a burning disgrace by every Southern "cracker," and that the gentlemen join hands with the crackers, merely convinces him that it is the skin of a dead snake, and that the gentlemen ought to be ashamed of themselves and throw off crackerdom in mind as fast as possible, instead of nursing and cherishing it and making it a badge of superiority and a matter of pride. Mr. Washington is doing a far greater service to the Southern whites than even to the blacks; for as Southern society in its relations as part of human civilization must always be predominantly a white society, the man who is enabling it or helping it to have its energies free for its best work, instead of spending them in keeping down an upsurging tide of brutishness, who is helping to produce for their material basis a peaceful, instructed, thrifty, moral laboring and shopkeeping class instead of a herd of animals, is enriching the life of the upper ranks relatively more than those of the lower, because their pleasures and achievements are higher. It is hard to say whether the folly or the ingratitude of the wretched white beings who hound and libel him is the greater; both reach almost the highest attainable level. They ought to go on their knees to him, and compete for the honor of his presence at their dinners, instead of making themselves a spectacle to Europe and the rational part of America by fabricating national danger and dishonor out of having the ablest and most useful man in the South, and the greatest natural genius it ever produced, do his work in the usual human fashion of intercourse with his fellow-gentlemen.

Whatever exceptions may be taken to the truth of my views on the Southern side do not matter in this case; all I wish to do is to present, the more crudely and sharply the better, the truth that these are the views which are strongly held by the un-Southern sections, and, it would seem from the results, even in the more progressive parts of the South itself; it is these which have borne a large part in whelming the Democracy and its superior programme of Constitutional and foreign and tariff and Trust policies in such tremendous ruin for the time. I am sorry for the latter, and would have preferred to take chances on the negro question and put the others in the foreground; but I cannot say that I am much surprised at the mass of people doing otherwise. N. E.

November 13, 1904.

DISSENT AND ASSENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In gladly renewing my subscription to the *Nation*, I venture a few words, as an old subscriber and constant reader, representing a class of your subscribers—I do not know how many such there are—whose voice is rarely heard in your columns. I mean the "straight" Republicans of the older sort, who have not been and are not in sympathy with your political views. I have never been able to agree with you on candidates and platforms, much as I enjoy reading your vigorous editorials and robust attacks on candidates and principles. I have voted for every Republican candidate for President from Grant to Roosevelt, even for Blaine against Cleveland, and have the temerity to say that I have never regretted my vote. I believe most thoroughly in Theodore Roosevelt, and, although I am no idol-worshipper, I recognize in him a strong, pure, just, honest, brilliant figure in our American political life. Several million Americans agree with me that his character is humane and noble, and that he is intensely *genuine*, with a record of having made as few errors in the troublous times of the past three years as we may expect from any mortal, however gifted and exalted. His voice may be occasionally strident, and possibly he may be a little too dramatic at times; but he means right, and the people instinctively trust him.

But, notwithstanding our divergence in the equation of candidates and certain public policies, I wish to thank you for your undeviating, firm, and magnificent defence of liberty and human rights. No paper that I read has rendered better service against the rising tide of racial prejudice, against unjust suffrage laws, and the insanities of mob violence than you have; as well as against the insolent treatment of inferior races—even if they are what Kipling calls them, "half devil and half child"—by the so-called Christian nations. Your paper has ever been true as the needle to the pole for our common humanity and the rights of man. Here is one high plane on which you and your Republican readers can meet. Keep on in the noble work of opposing the recrudescence of ancient prejudice which our modern life ought to have outgrown. There is no room in America for a dominant and a servile race, or for inequalities, except so far as natural conditions create them. Every one admits the difficulties of the negro problem in our Southern States. But slowly the best sentiment of the Southern people, naturally chivalrous, noble, generous, will assert itself, and a consciousness of human brotherhood will emerge from the base hatreds of our day, largely engendered by crafty politicians. Industrial forces, economic principles, and evolutionary tendencies will gradually work the problem out, allied with the sense of justice natural to the human heart. Meanwhile, papers like the *Nation* must do the work of clarifying public sentiment and keeping the Northern conscience from being befogged. Questions of tariff and the extension of our territory are transitory and incidental; but the question of human equality will always be with us. It is not the politicians of the South—who have everything to gain by appealing to a perverted public sentiment—but its thinkers, moralists, and, above all, its business interests, that will gradually emancipate the public mind of that great and important section of our country from a misinterpretation of the basic principles of Republican government.

Your paper has also always stood for civic righteousness, for economy and purity in government. You have fought a great fight against that monstrosity in our modern political life, the boss. You have often touched with a needle the source of infinite corruption in American politics—the power of the boss in manipulating great masses of voters, under some absurd party label, in the interest of the schemes of some sleek, fat, corporate power seeking to loot a municipal treasury, often by an alliance with the basest elements which abuse the right of suffrage. Never do I read your paper with more interest than when you strike a sledge-hammer blow against political corruption, no matter under what party banner it masquerades.

But, after all, it is the literary side of your paper which is most attractive to me. What range of appreciation and criticism you furnish to us in your reviews of contemporaneous literature! Let me specially mention one article in a recent number which seems to me to strike a high mark—the review of the life and literary work of Walter Pater, an author whom some of us dearly love, but who is strangely ignored by many Americans who are fond of fine literature. I do not know, of course, who is the author of that most excellent article, which seems to enter into the deeper meanings and finer spirit of Pater's life and the intellectual charm with which his writings are redolent. Such a lucid interpretation of an author whose delicacy and æsthetic aloofness limited the number of his readers, is as rare as it is admirable. The function of literary criticism is not gone when a reviewer remains who can do such delightful work in interpreting so elusive an author as the gifted man who wrote 'Marius' and 'The Child in the House.'

Truly yours, Milton Reed.

Fall River, Mass., November 14, 1904.

THE RURAL LANDSLIDE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I had occasion to spend some weeks in rural regions, and from my observations I am persuaded that to the political activity of the rural free-delivery carriers is to be credited a large share of the Roosevelt vote.

Yours truly, Robt. Williamson.

Baltimore, November 14, 1904.

THE LEPERS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not the least interesting of the problems presented for solution in the Philippines is that which concerns the separation and isolation of lepers from contact with other natives. The authorities are in possession of the names of nearly four thousand lepers, and there are probably many more scattered about in the native villages. The proportion of lepers to the whole population is not more than one-fifth that which prevails in the Hawaiian Islands. Some of the lepers are cared for by charity, but the greater part live with their own people, there being not above six hundred in the leper hospitals maintained by several provinces.

While leprosy is contagious, it is no more so than consumption. It is quite as possible for leprous parents to bring into the world healthy offspring as it is for consumptive parents to do so, and the children of the one have quite as good a chance to escape disease as the children of the other. It is contemplated that where both parents are

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lepers they may not be separated during their brief and miserable existence, but that generally the males shall be kept entirely apart from females and intermarriage prevented.

For the best results in handling this problem the Insular Government has bought up the land on the island of Cullion, including the entire village of that name, and the former inhabitants have removed to other islands. The island of Cullion is mountainous, with an abundance of spring water and a fine climate. A pipe line has been laid to the old village, which is being rebuilt for the use of the women, and a new village for the men will be established about two miles inland, where there is good agricultural land. It is expected that the physically able among the men will perform agricultural labor to aid in providing food for the colony. It is intended that everything shall be put in order and the houses made ready for patients before any lepers are sent to the island. This is to prevent the workmen employed in putting the island in order from abandoning the place through the fear which might be generated by the arrival of lepers.

The island of Cullion is situated to the north of Paragua and to the west of the main group of the Visayan Islands. It is practically in the China Sea, and is therefore most favorably situated, for the waters of that locality teem with food fishes of the finest kinds. The native diet consists in great part of fish, and the ease with which it can be supplied at Cullion adds greatly to the chances of making the unfortunates contented during the period of their living death.

At one time, under the old régime, lepers were allowed to solicit alms on Saturdays, in common with the beggars who have the freedom of all towns on those days. It was finally recognized that the giving of coins to the unfortunate lepers was introducing a serious element of danger to the community. Generally speaking, there is not a large number of beggars in the islands. One seldom sees any native soliciting food or alms unless afflicted with blindness or some malformation. A very large proportion of blind natives show evidence of this condition having arisen from smallpox, which has prevailed more or less throughout the islands.

It is not unlikely that when the natives realize that the Government has made wise and liberal provision for the people afflicted with leprosy, many cases, heretofore concealed, will be made known. It is anticipated that the number to be provided for will not reach 6,000, which is not a large number out of a population of nearly 8,000,000, the greater part of whom live with but little regard for sanitation or health regulations.

C.

MANILA, September 30, 1904.

A BILINGUAL DOG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having read the article "Dogs and Languages" in *Littell's Living Age*, taken from the *Spectator*, I venture to offer you my experience with a Dane that was born and raised in Strassburg, Elsass, where he heard French and German. Certain commands he understood only in French, as, *Donne la patte;* others only in German, as, *Such,'* or *Leg' dich hin.* I brought him home with me, but he was poisoned after a year, when he had learned only the English word *go*. *Sick 'em* he did not understand. He would give his paw only upon the French command, never in response to *Die Pfote* or *Give your paw.* He would never find or lie down except upon the German command. On these points he was often tested by incredulous strangers.

Now this was stupid of him. I feel sure that dogs and horses understand only single words, or, better, sound-groups. A whole sentence is unnecessary. When my fox terrier, fast asleep under the table, hears the word *mouse* or *squirrel* used in sentences not at all addressed to him, he is upon his feet. *Mouse* may be English or German. *Eichhörnchen* would make no impression upon him. As Faust says:

"Ich finde nicht die Spur
Von einem Geist, und alles ist Dressur."

H. C. G. BRANDT.

CLINTON, N. Y., November 17, 1904.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent notice of Mr. A. A. Jack's 'Shelley' you say: "The hundred-odd pages of his essay are compact of that sincere, reposeful scholarship of which Oxford seems to keep the secret still."

Why drag in Oxford? Mr. Jack is a Cambridge man, and his college was Peterhouse.—Yours very truly,

R. C. LEHMANN.

FIELDHEAD, BOURNE END, BUCKS,
November 7, 1904.

Notes.

Looking forward to the spring, Macmillan Co. announce 'Southern Writers: Selections in Prose and Verse,' from the earliest times, by Prof. William P. Trent.

An Oxford edition of Shelley's poems is nearly ready for publication, and will contain material hitherto unprinted; the early poems first published in Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley, but omitted from his edition of the poetical works, and all other poems which have appeared in any previous edition; and the important fragments recovered by Mr. C. D. Locock from the Bodleian MSS. The volume will consist of about 1,000 pages, with three collotype illustrations, one the Bodleian portrait of Shelley, the other two facsimiles of his handwriting. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, editor of the Oxford Wordsworth, has seen the new Shelley through the press, and has supplied footnotes where the variant readings are important, in addition to a few longer notes and a general preface.

Some one hundred and fifty letters of Mme. de Staël addressed to Benjamin Constant have been collected and will soon be published. It is, however, known, especially from citations made in German translation by the deceased littérateur Adolf Strodtmann, in his 'Dichterprofile,' that this by no means exhausts the series, a number of which were formerly in the possession of the Baron von Marenholtz of Hanover. An appeal has been published by the Baroness Nolde, a daughter of Baron von Marenholtz, in Florence, for information as to the letters used by Strodtmann, as all traces of his literary remains seem to have been lost. These and other letters of the period will possess exceptional value for the forthcoming edition of the correspondence.

Dr. Griffis's standard work on 'Corea, the Hermit Nation' (Scribners) now reaches a seventh edition, enlarged by four additional chapters in which the origins of the present struggle in the Far East are displayed, and the map of Corea has likewise been brought up to date. The latter-day chronicle will be found handy for reference.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Francis Newton Thorpe's 'Constitutional History of the American People' and 'Constitutional History of the United States' will find in his latest volume, 'A Short Constitutional History of the United States' (Little, Brown & Co.), many reminders of the earlier works. Indeed, the book now published may be regarded as a condensation of the author's more elaborate treatises. There is the same reliance upon documentary sources, particularly statutes, Congressional debates, and decisions of the Supreme Court, and the same attention to the much neglected field of Constitutional development within the several States. The criticism passed upon Mr. Thorpe's earlier works, namely, that Constitutional history seems to be to him largely the record of the formation and application of a certain class of documents, must be repeated here. Of the economic or political influences which, in all periods of our history, have markedly affected Constitutional progress and moulded Constitutional opinion, there is here little exposition. It is but fair to say, however, that in a brief work like the present this limitation seems to us less of a defect than it is in works cast in more elaborate form, and that the task which Mr. Thorpe has set for himself was worth performing. We fear that the manual is too advanced for students below the college grade; but for those who can devote themselves to Constitutional history in its strict sense, or who desire a compendious review of American Constitutional development down to the present time, it should prove decidedly useful. Mr. Thorpe works hard and painstakingly for his readers, and his writing shows marked gain in simplicity and ease.

In getting up her 'Portraits of the Seventeenth Century, Historic and Literary, by C. A. Sainte-Beuve' (Putnams), the translator, Miss Katharine P. Wormeley, has made selections from the 'Causeries du Lundi,' the 'Portraits des Femmes,' and the 'Portraits Littéraires.' Some passages have been omitted; "these relate chiefly to editions that have long since passed away, or to discussions on style that cannot be made clear in English." In some cases, also, two or more essays have been put together to avoid repetition. The result is a gallery of portraits belonging to a single period—the *grand siècle*—originally scattered through Sainte-Beuve's works, and made more effective and interesting by being brought together. The translator was very wise in reinforcing them with illustrations, most, if not all, of them very good; the English or American reader of French literature is often worried by not having before his mind an image of the living subject. Miss Wormeley's version, where we have compared it with the original, seems very satisfactory. Her author, in one sense, lends himself to translation, for his style is both simple and clear; he may be subtle in what

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he says, but is never involved or fantastic, or eccentric in the way he says it. There is, of course, a French quality in everything he writes which is untranslatable into another language, but everything else Miss Wormeley gives us. Here and there we have noticed a phrase or a word which we might have translated differently, but the instances are not of sufficient moment to cite.

The Frederick A. Stokes Co. publishes a volume of Mr. Henry Haynie's reminiscences under the title of 'The Captains and the Kings.' It is a curious medley of odds and ends jumbled together in a slovenly, journalistic style. Mr. Haynie, however, takes himself very seriously. He says: "The importance of the mission that is confined [? confided] to writers of every class is very great"; and he follows up this delphic remark with the following gem: "The most glorious of all the discoveries on which Genius has ever laid his hand is the invention of printing." Having thus cleared the ground, as it were, and duly impressed those of his readers who are not writers, he proceeds with some three hundred pages of gossip, from which it would be difficult to extract anything of value. Some readers may be interested to learn that when Daudet received a visitor he gave him "a hearty handshake, pointed to an open box of cigars, and said: 'Asseyez-vous, comment ça va' "; but three hundred pages of this sort of thing is a little too much for the most indulgent of readers.

The Macmillan Co. present a new volume of the "American Sportsman's Library" containing Mr. J. Parmly Paret's views on the past, present, and future of lawn tennis, together with a chapter on Lacrosse, by William Harvey Maddren. In his preface Mr. Paret complains of the insufficient supply of lawn-tennis literature, and offers ten pages of bibliography in proof of the alleged insufficiency. This may be the natural view of one who has already contributed several volumes to the collection, and who may have others *in petto;* but while we admit the value of a good handbook to the beginner in this or any other sport, we think the field has been pretty thoroughly covered in recent years, and we fail to find a *raison d'être* in the book before us. Mr. Paret differs from the Dohertys and other authorities on some minor points, but we cannot discover that he has anything new or interesting to suggest. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

In 'Old Love Stories Retold' (The Baker & Taylor Co.), Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has collected eight short sketches first published in the magazines. Nothing can take from the dignity of Dante's love for Beatrice, not even Mr. Le Gallienne's lapses of taste. It is one of the gravest faults of a self-made man of letters that he cannot for long keep up the language suitable to his theme. Mr. Le Gallienne, for instance, will write a few paragraphs in a style really exalted, and then, as it were, come down rather suddenly to breathe. After telling us that Beatrice was hardly more aware of the existence of Dante's love "than a new star has care of, or is aware of, its discoverer," he adds that she preferred "the attentions of the society young fellows of her set." However, we prefer Mr. Le Gallienne's low-ranging style to such a flight as "He loved her—yes!—and yet! Yes!" (p. 96). Though the woman still lives who was the cause of Lassalle's untimely death, Mr. Le Gallienne thinks the story old enough to be included with the classic tales of unhappy love, and he may be right; but we see no excuse for the allusion on page 122 to the more recent tragedy that closed the career of Parnell. It is obvious that if poets did not, as a rule, lack a sense of humor, we should have to do without a great deal of bad poetry and some very good. We have lately read Wordsworth's testimonial to his wife that she did her duty in ignoring "my affection for other women." Mr. Le Gallienne, too, considers that a poet's wife should be content to see her husband "subject to passing emotional possessions," and, while his fancy roves to others, should glory in being his "own heart's home." Perhaps she should. It may even depend on how good is the poetry that the other beauties inspire. But it is impossible to read without a smile the serious statement of the duties of a poet's wife on page 84. The illustrations that crowd the volume are a curious medley, partly reproductions of Rossetti, portraits, pictures of houses, and, running throughout, very poor, sentimental marginal vignettes.

'The Expert Maid-servant,' by Christine Terhune Herrick (Harpers), is addressed to the great army of American housekeepers who begin their married life with only one servant, and, in the natural course of events, double and treble their anxieties in the kitchen to keep pace with the nursery and the exchequer. These are they for whom the servant problem is most acute, and they will find Mrs. Herrick a useful guide. She wisely lays some stress on our duties to our domestics, not to be slighted if we demand that their duties to us shall be their first consideration. The housekeeper's reach should always exceed her grasp, and Mrs. Herrick's expert maid-servant is naturally one to dream of and not to see. The mere recapitulation of the duties of a maid-of-all-work during one single day, and the perfection implied, will kindle the ambition of many a young housekeeper. To the disinterested reader those seven pages beginning, "Rise at six o'clock and have clothing in readiness so as to be down stairs by six-thirty," and ending, "Finish putting the kitchen in order for the night," seem to furnish all a domestic needs to ask from what the old hymn calls "the daily round," and especially "room to deny herself." Some people prefer factories, and so should we, but the ideal servant of Mrs. Herrick's visions will no doubt delight in the artistic finish that has been lavished on every instant of her waking hours.

The Loan Collection of Historical Portraits which was exhibited at Oxford last spring has left as its permanent record a beautiful illustrated catalogue (Frowde). Since no one who died after 1625 was represented, the collection confined itself almost wholly to the Tudor period. Out of the hundred and thirty-seven portraits which were brought together, only eight precede the accession of Henry VII., while at the other end no one figures who was not born in the reign of Elizabeth. Although we have spoken of this collection before, the beauty of the catalogue brings us back to the subject. Of the forty portraits here reproduced the finest is Holbein's Archbishop Warham; but Holbein, though the most important of the Tudor portrait painters, is not the overshadowing personality of the present volume. The selection is very representative, including many unknown artists as well as unknown subjects. Next to Holbein, the artists who had highest place in the Oxford collection were Sir Anthony Mor and Federigo Zuccaro. Mr. Lionel Cust supplies an interesting preface, wherein among other things he discusses the methods of Tudor artists. Indeed, the whole collection should be studied with the following fact in view: "During the whole of this period, from Holbein downwards," says Mr. Cust, "the painter's practice was to make a drawing, probably at one sitting only, from the subject, with notes of the costume and accessories. The portrait was then completed on panel in the painter's studio, and when once completed was capable of being repeated many times, or even varied by the painter or his assistants." In all respects this catalogue is worthy of the Clarendon Press.

The elegant dress and seductive title of the late Charles Warren Stoddard's final contribution to the literature of the "Summer Isles of Eden," namely, 'The Island of Tranquil Delights' (Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.), together with his reputation for idyllic writing in the past, lead one to open it with high anticipations. Alas, that they remain unsatisfied! He might have given us tales of hot blood and tropic nights, of vengeance, love, or the mysteries of the *kahunas*. The elemental passions and ambitions of the most democratic of autocracies offer a rare field for the psychologist of the Henry James order. Musings, as of one lying on the sands, looking up at the blazing constellations, while the surf beats on the reef and the wild dove murmurs in the shrubbery—these, too, would have been in keeping with the theme. Perhaps these last are what the author planned; if so, his plan encountered shipwreck in the launching. One does not muse hopping on one leg; and there is a sensation of hopping, or at least of breathlessness, in all these chapters. The sentiment does not ring true, the execution is mechanical, there is no spontaneity. The elasticity of youth passes, mentally as well as physically; a vein of experience may be worked out; the vividness of early impressions may be blunted by much reiteration. We know not which of these misfortunes, if either, had overtaken our author, but the lack of reality, or even of verisimilitude, in the present collection is too evident to be ignored.

The admonition *De mortuis* may fittingly be applied in noting the appearance of the late Mr. Laurence Hutton's 'Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is of the same type as its predecessors, a readable little book with a thread of history and a great deal of gossip, personal and otherwise. Mr. Hutton's vein of humor, essentially American in spite of his ancestry, hardly interprets the more complicated if less easy and polished Scottish mind. There are forty-two good illustrations from photographs and old prints.

That a presumably orthodox and historically conservative theological seminary like that of Bangor heard with pleasure the lectures making up Dr. John P. Peters's 'Early Hebrew Story' (Putnams) and urged their publication, marks a very significant change

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within a few years. In this book Dr. Peters deals with Genesis, its myths, folklore, poetry, historical residuum, and moral and religious value. His treatment is trenchant, but it is very sympathetic, and has a certain soundness of literary and æsthetic appreciation which is too often lacking. These tales of the childhood of the world are human for him, and nothing human is alien. They are also abidingly significant. So, in the end, he swings round to giving them place and meaning not only as history, but as a continuously constructive influence. "To the child," he says, "Genesis is the most charming book in the Bible." That is true for many others besides children. But he adds: "To the child, also, Genesis is full of spiritual instruction." True again if, in the last phrase, the instruction is thought of as like the forces of nature—the sun and the rain working unsummoned—and is not packed in lessons. However it may be, in the tales of the Hebrews there lie a moral energy and a wealth of spiritual suggestion that elsewhere are rare. It is the great merit of such a book as this to bring that home very directly and without weariness of sermonizing.

Mr. St. Clair Baddeley has written for travellers an account of 'Recent Discoveries in the Forum, 1898-1904,' which is issued in convenient small shape, with attractive print and illustrations (Macmillan), and is considerably better in substance than the similar English book, of almost identical title, noticed in these columns a few months ago. It would be more agreeable yet if the author had allowed us to take him a little more for granted; but otherwise the book is a pleasant piece of writing by an intelligent and enthusiastic observer of the excavations, and will doubtless prove a useful pocket-companion to those who know the Roman Forum as it was before 1898, and do not care for more scientific accounts of the later work, like those of Hülsen and Vaglieri. The theories and identifications advanced are mainly, though not entirely, those of Boni (who is reverently cited as The Excavator); but Mr. Baddeley is evidently acquainted with other views.

Among the many ephemeral sketches of life in India a place of honor should be allotted to Herbert Compton's 'Indian Life in Town and Country' (Putnams), apparently the initial volume of a series designed to exhibit "Our Asiatic Neighbors." India as it is, from the point of view of a man who has lived long in the country and wields a facile pen, is here presented in a series of lively and graphic essays describing Indian native life on the one hand and Anglo-Indian life on the other. Without erudition and with some old-fashioned errors (such as the statement that women were not secluded in India till after the Mohammedan conquest), this little book yet gives a true as well as a vivid picture of Indian life as it is to-day. A future edition should modify the statement that music-halls and horse-races are "quite outside the genius of the people" (p. 92), in so far as to admit that the genuine Aryan Hindus celebrated horse-racing and built music-halls some thousands of years ago. To insist (pp. 31 and 94) on the spelling *chloradyne* is an oddity in an old campaigner, who probably was never without a bottle at hand.

Mr. G. E. Ward, whose Englished version of the Hindustani 'Bride's Mirror' was noticed in these columns last January, comes before the public again, in his laudable desire to arouse interest in modern Hindu literature, with the transcribed text and translation of 'The Quatrains of Hâli' (Henry Frowde). Hâli's real name is Saiyid Altâf Husain Ansâri. The Rubâiyât of this poet of the nineteenth century lacks the power of the more familiar Persian singer, but these *obiter dicta* are not without a charm of their own. Many of the stanzas are modern versions of old Sanskrit verses, such as that in regard to fate and free-will: "Cowards have always yielded to fate; those who have courage have exercised free will."

'Dirr's Colloquial Egyptian Arabic Grammar,' translated by Mr. W. H. Lyall (Henry Frowde), is a really excellent little introduction with very full and carefully arranged exercises. Marked "for the use of tourists," it may be doubted whether tourists will have patience to plough their way through it. Its level is higher, and lies between the generally useless phrase-book and the grammar in the grand style. The translating and the proof-reading seem both to be carefully done.

The 'American Jewish Year Book' (Philadelphia) continues its useful course. Prominent in the new issue is a series of biographies of Jews eminent in professions, etc., and a very full account, with extracts from state papers, of the negotiations with regard to Jews visiting Russia on American passports. In the story of the year many will be surprised to read of the appearance of anti-Semitism in Great Britain, up till now most tolerant, socially and economically. An outbreak at Limerick in Ireland is chronicled, evidently due to Jewish clothes-dealers demanding their pound of flesh, and another at Dowlais in Wales. Zionism, also, has some space, and the lamented death of Dr. Herzl. In this strange cross of an ideal and of economic necessities the temper of the Jewish race finds keen expression.

Mr. Herbert Putnam alluded, in his presidential address before the American Library Association, to the death, a year ago, of "the patient formulator of rules," Charles A. Cutter. It is, indeed, as the author of the 'Rules for a Dictionary Catalogue' that Mr. Cutter will be best and longest remembered. The book has been a recognized authority ever since its first appearance, in 1876, as part ii. of the Special Report on Public Libraries. The fourth edition, which the author was preparing for the press at the time of his death, has just been issued under the editorial care of his nephew and successor at the Forbes Library. It has been largely rewritten, to conform, as far as practicable, with the rules which have been under consideration for some years by a committee of the American Library Association of which Mr. Cutter was a member. The rules formulated by that committee will presumably be followed by a large number of libraries, especially by such as are using the printed cards of the Library of Congress. They are, however, very largely the result of a compromise and not always consistent; it will therefore be an advantage to the cataloguer to have at his elbow a consistent code of rules, made with a single purpose. This, more than anything else, will give 'Cutter's Rules' their permanent value.

While the preparation of the combined catalogue (*Gesammtkatalog*) of the libraries of Prussia is progressing favorably, an interesting innovation has been established in Berlin, at No. 5 Dorotheenstrasse, the headquarters for general information concerning the libraries of the Kingdom. Information as to where a book can be found is furnished for the sum of 10 pfennigs in stamps.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number nine, Dr. Karl Sapper gives an account of a journey in Guatemala and Salvador, the scientific results of which are to be found on two accompanying maps. The region affected by the earthquakes of 1902 showed few signs of recovery. A west-coast port had been rendered almost inaccessible, and a railway connecting it with the interior had ceased to be operated. The building of another projected railway had been given up. Quezaltenango, the second town in the republic and once the centre of a rich coffee-growing district, is being deserted by its inhabitants and its trade diverted to the capital. The industrial conditions of western Salvador, so far as growth and progress are concerned, are similar. Dr. S. Passarge describes Kanem, which lies to the northeast of Lake Tchad and is the oldest of the Mohammedan states of the Sudan. Its superficial features of steppe and valley he believes to be largely due to the fact that it was the resort in ancient times of vast droves of antelopes, zebras, and other animals. The editor, Dr. Supan, gives in a series of maps the geographical results of the Antarctic expeditions, and Prof. Bogdanovitch concludes his geologic sketch of Kamtchatka.

—Mr. Goldwin Smith's informal review of Morley's Life of Gladstone has been published in a small volume, with the statesman's portrait, by Unwin in London ('My Memory of Gladstone'). To Americans the most interesting revelation of personal intercourse occurs in the section dealing with Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards our civil war. "Gladstone's actuating motives, certainly," we read on page 43, "were his regard for the bread of the British artisan, and his sympathy with all who were struggling to be free. With a view, probably, to the satisfaction of mortified friends of the North in England, he wrote to me suggesting that, if the North thought fit to let the South go, it might in time be indemnified by the union of Canada with the Northern States. As the letter, on consideration, seemed unlikely to have the desired effect, and not unlikely at some future time to prove embarrassing to the writer, no use was made of it, and it was destroyed." As for the reviewer himself, the most significant expression of a changed or relaxing opinion pertains to Home Rule, in the contingency of political enmity to England in Ireland surviving "the equitable settlement of the agrarian question and the reduction of the population to the number which the island can maintain," when "there may be a sufficient reason for letting Ireland go. It would be folly to keep her as a mere thorn in the side of Great Britain. It would be more than folly to attempt to hold her in bondage." She might come back of her own accord; but "two parliaments, two nations" (p. 68).

—Gladstone's fiscal scheme is questioned;

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and, in the particular of its resting so much upon the consumption of a few important articles—"Suppose tobacco, for instance, were to go out of fashion, as some sanitary authorities say it ought, there would be a serious gap in the Budget" (p. 25). Gladstone put questions to vote in his Cabinet, contrary to Peel's practice, and "allowed a member of the Cabinet to set forth on a political adventure of his own and proclaim a policy independent of that of his chief and his colleagues, as the same politician [Chamberlain] is now again doing." This ushered in a change by which the unwieldy Cabinet is directed by "an inner conclave, something like that which, in the reign of Charles II., was called the Cabal" (p. 46). In regard to Gladstone's theology, we read of his apparent yielding to the reasoning in Newman's 'Grammar of Assent'—"a sort of *vade mecum* of self-illusion" (p. 84). Though he had partially put off his Establishmentarianism, "his orthodoxy and belief in the inspiration of the Bible remained unimpaired. This deprives his theological writings of serious value" (p. 81). "He has left among his writings nothing of importance in the way of political science" (p. 38). As for his classical excursuses, "Readers of *Homeric Studies* and *Juventus Mundi* must wonder how such things can have been written and given to the press by so great a man" (p. 79). His diffuse style proceeded from his habit of extemporaneous speaking, "and no man can speak literature *ex tempore*." The final strain, however, is one of eulogy for Gladstone's character, and the review makes one hope that Mr. Smith may have other appreciations of his contemporaries in store for us.

—If the "Extra Volume" to the Hastings 'Dictionary of the Bible' (Scribners), contained nothing but its two hundred pages of indices, its existence would be amply justified. That of subjects (nearly 150 pages) makes the whole contents of the work accessible to a degree no other encyclopædia can boast. Not only is it of subjects, but the author of each article or paragraph indexed is briefly mentioned, and it is possible to tell at a glance what authorities have dealt with each problem or element in a problem. When, as happens very often, different and differing authorities have treated in different places, and often out of place, the same problem, we come to bless their discursiveness controlled thus by that blessedest of all inventions, the subject-index. On Deuteronomy, for example, we see that we can have the views of Ryle, Woods, Driver and Kautzsch, with Strong specially on its ethics, Margoliouth on its language and style, and Baudissin on its idea of the priesthood. On Decalogue, again, we can have Harford-Battersby, Driver, Kautzsch and Barnes. Such conspectuses and the care with which the weightier rubrics are analyzed go far to make it certain that somewhere, on every subject, matter worth reading will be found, and thus to annul, as far as may be, the weakness of certain contributions. The index of Scripture passages is also equipped with such author references, but only to a partial extent, those of Hebrew and Greek terms unfortunately not at all; yet it is certain that in these last is hidden much lexocographical material.

—As for the articles composing the text of the volume, they are throughout of a more uniformly high value than those in the Dictionary proper. Some very few are simply and unintelligibly inadequate, *e. g.*, Concordances. Some are in evident supplementation of articles in the preceding volumes, recognized as inadequate, too late; *e. g.*, Ships and Boats, Wages, Samaritan Pentateuch. But the great majority are carefully worked out treatises on subjects which enter properly into the view of a student of the Bible, but which yet are hard to place in a dictionary of the Bible. Many of these subjects have assumed a new importance within the last few years and even since this Dictionary was planned. So especially with the Apocrypha; with the apocryphal Gospels, especially that according to the Hebrews; with the Diatessaron; with the Sibylline Oracles. The textual criticism of the New Testament is moving now from year to year, and a supplemental article was needed even to the excellent one in volume iv., by Nestle. In this same connection there is a good, if short, article on the Agrapha of Jesus, and a long and most excellent one on a subject as yet little worked in English, the Greek patristic commentaries on the Pauline Epistles. Again, such a discovery as the Code of Hammurabi of necessity claimed attention, and meets it here very adequately from C. H. W. Johns. The ethnic religions, also, in contact or kin with that of Israel have risen now much higher above the horizon than they were only a few years ago, and must be reckoned with by the most conservative. Here the reckoning is surprisingly satisfactory. Professor Jastrow has over fifty pages on the religions of Babylonia and Assyria, Wiedemann has over twenty on that of Egypt, and W. M. Ramsay and L. R. Farnell have nearly fifty on that of Greece and Asia Minor. Curiously enough, it is left to this volume to offer an article on the religion of Israel. It is done and done well by Kautzsch in 122 pages. Similarly belated treatments are those of the Diaspora by Schürer, and of Roads and Travel in the Old Testament and the New by Buhl and Ramsay. On the rest of the thirty-seven articles details are unnecessary. All are timely and are of a uniform scholarliness. The volume, as a whole, if it does not show the sensational novelties of "Cheyne," is solidly useful, and with it the 'Hastings Dictionary' closes much better than it began. It is now for Dr. Cheyne to furnish a similar index, if not similar supplements, to his undertaking. The multifarious variety of the views of his contributors and their irrepressible vivacity of statement render some such balancing-pole of a key a simple necessity. As it is, 'Hastings' with this addition has fairly drawn ahead.

—'The French Noblesse of the XVIII. Century' (Dutton) is a series of translations made by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant from the work styled 'Les Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy.' The seven volumes of memoirs originally published in 1834 under this title are to be classed among the suspected or apocryphal memoirs with which the literature of France abounds. It is not only that the Marquise de Créquy makes herself out to be one thing in the alleged autobiography while she was another in fact, but that the narrative of her career, edited a good many years after her death by the Comte de Courchamps, bears manifest traces of embellishment by a masculine hand. At the time of its appearance, Croker attacked the book vigorously in the *Quarterly Review*, and one may doubt whether a line of it was written by the Marquise de Créquy. However, it has enjoyed much popularity in France as a picture of life under the Old Régime, and may be accorded some value quite apart from its authenticity. Mrs. Grant is under no illusions concerning the historical merits of these memoirs from which her chapters are drawn. By compressing seven volumes into one she does away with a great deal that is pure padding; and if much remains which is egotistical and shallow, there may be enough of local color to repay abridgment and translation. The author evidently tried to catch the style of the eighteenth-century memoir writers, and had some knowledge of court life. If the text were more authentic, it would deserve a fuller criticism than we shall give it. Gossip and scandal form the *pièce de résistance*, as in most court journals. In this case a thin veneer of fine phrases about loyalty to King and Church is made to cover a vast deal of spitefulness about one's neighbors. Whether or not the particular anecdotes are true, this kind of writing is fairly faithful to the spirit of aristocratic society in France during the eighteenth century. The privileged classes, as a rule, were not well educated, and their members spent almost as much time in repeating as in making scandal. Illustrious exceptions will at once suggest themselves, but the average intelligence of the *noblesse* was probably not much higher than from the Marquise de Créquy we should suppose it to have been. The pride of the great families and their contempt for upstart people like the Neckers is one of the most notable ingredients in this book. Mrs. Grant's selections seem to have been made with judgment, but a heavy restriction is laid upon any translator by the fact that sharp sayings read more racily in French than in English.

—In 'A Mediæval Princess' (Putnams) Miss Ruth Putnam takes for her heroine Jacqueline, Countess of Holland, Zealand, and Hainaut, who, after a stormy, melodramatic career, lost her possessions to Philip of Burgundy. This book is not a romance, but, as the title-page assures us, "a true record." Miss Putnam, by her translation of Blok's 'Geschiedenis,' and by her own 'William the Silent,' has shown a deep interest in the Netherlands, and her familiarity with their annals is obvious at many points in the present volume. Toward Jacqueline herself the ordinary attitude of historians has been that taken by Martin, when he calls her "belle et passionnée, altière et violente, sans frein dans ses amours et dans ses haines." Personally, the main interest of her career may be held to centre in her four marriages and the troubles in which she was involved by the second and third of them. Politically, the loss of her possessions is but an episode in the rise of ducal Burgundy. Her first husband was John, Duke of Touraine, at the time of his death the Dauphin; her second, John of Brabant; her third, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the brother of Henry V.; her

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fourth, a plain nobleman, named Van Borselen. The chroniclers differ hopelessly about Jacqueline's personality. She may have been beautiful and persecuted, or a dissolute vixen. From her second husband, at least, she received wretched treatment, and was forced to leave his court, finding refuge in her own Hainaut. After this she took steps to secure a divorce, but before Pope Martin V. had given her one she prepared a way for great troubles by marrying Humphrey of Gloucester. In the fifteenth century it was the natural destiny of an orphaned heiress to be intrigued for in the most shameful manner. Jacqueline's marriage with John of Brabant represents one intrigue to prevent her lands from passing outside the Burgundian zone. Her marriage with Gloucester was an unfortunate circumstance for the English, inasmuch as it alienated Philip of Burgundy from their ranks. The fear that an important section of the Low Countries would fall to the English line rather than to his own, cooled the desire to avenge his father's murder, and made him think of an alliance with France. On the most moderate calculation, his dispute with the Duke of Gloucester cost the Duke of Bedford three years' delay, and is thus more or less connected with the famous siege of Orléans and Jacqueline's contemporary, Joan of Arc. But Miss Putnam is not concerned to write a chapter in the history of the Hundred Years' War; and if the Dukes of Burgundy and Gloucester figure largely in her pages, it is because they have much to do with the life of the central character. Miss Putnam has mastered her sources, and writes of Jacqueline sympathetically, yet without exaggeration.

MORE NOVELS.

The Son of Royal Langbrith. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers.

The Divine Fire. By May Sinclair. Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. Tom. By J. W. Streeter. The Macmillan Co.

Blazed-Trail Stories. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Farm of the Dagger. By Eden Phillpotts. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Red-Cap Tales. By S. R. Crockett. The Macmillan Co.

The Reaper. By Edith Rickert. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Ragged Messenger. By W. B. Maxwell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A delicate moral question involved in the suppression of an important truth is discussed at length in Mr. Howells's latest novel. Jim Langbrith, "the Son of Royal Langbrith," had been allowed to grow up with false notions of his dead father's character and conduct, and the moment inevitably arrives when several persons find themselves embarrassed by the boy's innocent ancestor-worship. The family physician, Dr. Anther, after twenty years of friendly visiting, feels that he would like to marry Mrs. Langbrith, and she withholds consent because she fears her son, knowing that he would take high ground about insult to his immaculate, incomparable father implied by her contracting a second marriage. Anther cannot persuade her to cut the knot by divulging the truth, nor to let him do so.

The situation remains quite stagnant until Jim conceives the happy idea of presenting a brazen image of his parent to the public library (one of Royal's numerous gifts to the town of Saxmills), with a grand unveiling ceremony at which Royal shall be celebrated in oratory and his virtues recited to a new generation for the perpetuation of his sainted memory. Dr. Anther sees that the perpetration of such a monstrous folly should be prevented; but instead of facing Jim with the facts, he runs about seeking aid and counsel. Only two persons besides himself and Mrs. Langbrith know the infamous truth about Royal, one of whom, Hiram Hawberk, has found surcease of sorrow in the opium habit, while the other, John Langbrith, is too busy managing the mills left by his brother in a flourishing condition to bother about old scandals. Appeal to Mrs. Langbrith is vain. She has always been too feeble even to take a hand in making the bed in which she must lie; she can only remain prone and helpless in any sort of a bed that circumstance has made for her. Anther in desperation seeks advice from a judge and a clergyman. The judge points out luminously the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie, and the clergyman is of opinion that the question of concealment or disclosure is still, as it has always been, strictly the affair of God, who must not be forced, and who, if revelation is part of his scheme, will reveal at a fitting moment. The violent manner in which the revelation is finally made does not support the clergyman's confidence that mundane matters are best left to the management of a just and merciful God.

The interest of the tale is not meant to lie in action and incidents, but in characterization and discussion of the question at issue; and as the principal characters fail in energy of any sort, while the situation suffused by the question is exceptional, almost improbable, interest never rises to the point of agitation. Mr. Howells may have begun with Jim Langbrith in mind for the central figure, but as the story goes on Jim is side-tracked in favor of Dr. Anther; and his love affair with Hope Hawberk is plainly not the one that the author cares about. He is well aware that elderly lovers are poor stuff for fiction, and he associates Anther's hesitation and vacillation with his age; but it is difficult to imagine a man at any age wanting Mrs. Langbrith enough to force the pace. Decidedly, middle-aged lovers should be excluded from stories unless one of the pair has had in youth fire that lasts—inextinguishable fire. Moreover, the pair under consideration is afflicted with that general incompetence for dealing with life which naturally relegates people to an obscurity that should be respected.

So far as truth of representation goes, nothing could be more exasperatingly true than Mrs. Langbrith, but a real Dr. Anther would probably have shown more decision. A successful country doctor gets used to cases moral and sentimental, and the prompt treatment of such cases has much to do with his success. Jim Langbrith is not developed with the author's usual precision. The pretentious, rather unpleasant youth of the first chapters does not gradually, before our eyes, grow into the man who in the last passages accepts disillusionment in the finest possible way. Perhaps we are meant to infer that Jim inherited his father's nerve. Throughout the book we miss an assurance of Mr. Howells's mastery of his whole subject, and are obliged to be content with occasional inimitable scenes and sketches of minor characters. Jim Langbrith's ironical mentor, the German-American Falk, is vividly suggested, and John Langbrith makes a conspicuous addition to the author's gallery of typical Americans, one not flattering to national vanity. There is no one like Mr. Howells for ruthless fidelity in his national touch.

A common trick, not only of rubbish writers, but also of very good novelists, is to choose for representation a person endowed by nature with some rare gift. A star always draws, and if an author announces firmly and frequently that he is exhibiting a star, only a few discriminating readers stop to question whether he has made his assertion good. Most people take him at his word, and, as they follow the wonder's career, have a pleasant sense of being in exalted company. To secure popular favor for a novel, an irresistible beauty is almost a necessity, and a great singer, dancer, financier, statesman, criminal has always a chance of making a hit. A great poet is a more doubtful lure, partly because the public does not take much stock in great poets, and partly because the poorest as the best of novelists must have a respect for and even a fear of great poets, and therefore modestly shrink from appearing to identify themselves with such an infrequent and dazzling apparition.

The author of 'The Divine Fire' (an author hitherto unknown to us), relying on the conscious possession of at least a spark, boldly offers a great poet as the principal figure of a long novel of modern London life—a novel which describes many human activities not intimately associated with the production of great poetry. Her postulate is that the poet is born; that his genius is independent of conditions actual or precedent, which can do no more than temporarily develop or hamper it, and that though poetic greatness implies in its possessor the possibility of a comparable greatness of character, it does not assure perfect goodness, and may be regarded as inimical to conventional respectability. One can say without hesitation that the author makes good her assumption that the Divine Fire descended and dwelt in Savage Keith Rickman, the son of a second-hand bookseller; a youth who, though perfectly at home with the Greek dramatists, had but an insecure hold of the letter H and could not drink tea gracefully in the presence of a lady. Though Rickman's head is in the stars, his feet do not escape the mire; his passions are strong, his emotions fervid, his intuitions sensitive and subtle; his dreams have a compelling power on action, and his expression an imaginative quality that distinguishes even his common talk from that of common men. As a man he is extremely interesting, and one may feel glad not to have a certainty that he was a great poet disturbed by having to read his tragedies and sonnets.

There is nothing sensational in his story. His sorrows and joys, trials and triumphs, are all in the natural way of life for one essentially remote from the condition in which he was born, and yet superficially

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closely bound up with it. These superficial relations are described with a vivacity and fulness of fact that denote first-hand observation. The writer appears to have worked in a book-shop, to have lodged and fed in Mrs. Downey's boarding-house, and to have most intimately associated with Miss Flossie Walker. The improper Poppy Grace could be drawn without acquaintance; but Dick Pilkington, the broker, Jewdwine, Rankine, and Maddox, gentlemen practising the profession of letters, are all very real and stick in the memory. Jewdwine is an elaborate study of a well-born, very civilized Englishman, full of high conceptions of public and private decency and honor, who nevertheless has his price and can never resist the just opportune temptation. Miss Lucia Harden is the vaguest figure in the book—perhaps properly so, because she is a vision of perfection seen through the poet's sensibilities; she is the dream that Rickman found indivisible from reality, feeling both to be divine—the dream that inspired alike his best poetry and his best behavior. The plan of 'The Divine Fire' is rather large and is handled with noticeable ease, while the drama is properly developed through the nature of men and women without recourse to accident or artifice.

Since Miss Murfree captured the Tennessee Mountains for use in fiction, many adventurers have climbed her lonely trails and faced the peril of death from the swift bullet of the hostile native or from the sodden corn-cake and whiskey of the hospitable. Miss Murfree had a romantic vision which cast a glamour over the mountains, a constructive imagination, and a keen eye for the significant. By selecting for emphasis certain common aspects of character, habits of life, and methods of speech, without misrepresentation, she created mountaineers so amazing and amusing that nobody cared whether they actually existed or not. Some of her successors have concocted readable tales of adventure, relying both for tragedy and humor on the local assumptions that whiskey is man's natural drink and that killing is no murder; but none has possessed her talent for bringing such primitive stuff well within the scope of human sympathy and converting it into literature.

The author of 'Dr. Tom' has looked upon the serious side of local traditions, and represented his hero as an active reformer. He is a perfect hero, beautiful, brave, and strong, skilled in arts, and ready at any moment to lay down his life for a friend or a cause. He is also wealthy and without relations save the Thompsons of Thompson's Cove, who, overlooking his civilization for the sake of the blood tie, permit him to share their corncake and whiskey and feud of thirty years' standing with the McCalls and McCandlesses and all their Scotch-Irish kin by blood, marriage, or adoption. Dr. Tom, while willing to participate in forced casual warfare, sets himself resolutely to harmonize and to preach the advantages of cleanliness, work, and thrift—advantages that cannot be enjoyed by persons who never drop a gun except to take up a whiskey-dipper or a snuff-stick. The situation is well taken, giving opportunity for exciting escapades and contrasting points of view.

Unfortunately, the author's method is very poor; he seems, indeed, helpless before the task of constructing a coherent and effective tale. He begins with a direct presentation, then takes refuge in letters (stilted, unnatural letters), constantly narrates what he should show in action or conversation, and handicaps his principal people by accounts of their comprehensive perfection. The best sketch is that of Sis Thompson, an explosive mountain maiden. In Cal Clay, sheriff of Brett, with the physique of a giant and simplicity of a babe, we recognize the traditional frontier sheriff, one who reduces his countrymen to order by calling them "galoots" and "shore skunks," who takes the highest view of official duty with plentiful assurance that he "don't care a damn." The tragic fate of Dr. Tom is unexpected, and appears to have been brought about for the sake of a death-bed marriage and prolonged affectionate farewells. It gives Major Brett a chance for florid rhetoric and a unique suggestion for a testimonial. He puts to the stricken multitude a resolution: "That as a fitting though trifling tribute to Dr. Tom Hendricks, we declare in convention here and now that the said Dr. Tom Hendricks is now and forever shall be coroner of Brett, and that succeeding deputy coroners, for all time, shall sign him such on all official papers." Brett County had always preferred a dead coroner to a living one, and the enthusiasm with which the resolution was carried may have been as much an expression of relief as of regret.

None of the 'Blazed Trail Stories' has the fine imaginative quality that raised Mr. White's novel, 'The Silent Places,' so far above the average tale of wilderness adventure. Separate incidents illustrate the life of a logger, a scout, or a cowboy, but the illustration is limited to the outward and physical aspects of such life. They probably give a truthful impression of the mass of men engaged in occupations for which a strong body is more useful than an interesting soul, and fidelity to the average could make no demand on the author's higher faculties. All are good of their kind—a kind long familiar to us, acceptable enough at intervals in magazines, but without the rarity either of episode or character that helps short tales to bear the strain of the collected form. "The Prospector" seems to us the best of the lot. The figure of a man not born for worldly success pursuing it from youth to age, always falling short at a critical moment, and never knowing why, is not new in fiction, yet it has a pathos that survives much manipulation. A human instinct for fair play goes out warmly to the victim of apparently preordained bad luck.

The tale of "The Farm of the Dagger" is full of gloom. John Newcombe and Roger Honeywell, neighbors and tenants of ancient Dartmoor farms in the early years of the nineteenth century, disliked each other naturally, and the dislike, fostered by trivial irritations, grew to hatred, until each lived but to fulfil a horrid dream of vengeance upon the other. The evil tempers of the elderly men affect the fortunes of their children, for Eve Newcombe and Quinton Honeywell inevitably fall in love with each other and remain steadfast, in spite of parental cruelties, long separation, and misrepresentations of a wonderfully ingenious sort. No situation appeals less to modern sympathy. We can still get angry, but we are not revengeful—we have no time. A long account of a mean vengeance, conceived and wrought out by two sordid men, does not shock us, does not interest us; only bores us. Mr. Philpotts's farmers are intolerable bores, and his peasants and "mechanicals" only less tiresome because they show occasional gleams of humor. The love story is pretty, only a little too consciously so. Eve is an idyllic figure, but she is not spontaneous; the lines are too carefully pruned and polished. Daniel Coffin of the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, taken by the *Shannon* and carried across sea to Dartmoor prison, is involved in the unhappy situation at Dagger Farm. He is a resourceful person, and speaks to perfection the American language as it conveys itself to the ears of English novelists.

Critics and other persons who contend that grown-ups no longer read Sir Walter Scott's novels will not be surprised to hear from Mr. Crockett that even children nowadays reject them unless they are specially prepared and dished up in modern fashion. Mr. Crockett has no sympathy with those who believe that Scott's influence on children is pernicious—on the contrary, he was most anxious that his children should make the acquaintance of their country's great romance-writer at first hand; but, finding them resolute in opposition, he adopted a device to lead them on to compliance—a device, which, according to his own account, made almost what the French call a *succès fou*. He undressed the novels, stripped them of the trappings of romance and chivalry, of all that is characteristically Scott, and presented the skeleton, the bare plot and action, to enraptured listeners. We are bound to believe in the rapture, but not to feel sure that it will be shared by children who get the 'Red Cap Tales' printed in a book. Children are not overfond of reading newspaper accounts of events, however exciting, and Mr. Crockett seems to us to have dealt with the Waverley Novels in a style similar to that of a conscientious, not a lurid, journalist reporting a fire or a murder.

The life of a fishing community in the northern seas of Europe, whether it be on the west coast of Ireland or on the islands that lie to the north of Scotland, or on the coasts of Scotland herself, is always the life of crofter-fishermen. Men must practise two trades—must go out with the boats in the herring and mackerel season, and, for the rest, cultivate the holding or the croft, sowing the thin, barren soil for their strips of oats and potatoes, and painfully saving, when they can, three harvests (turf for fuel, and hay and oats), besides the no less uncertain harvest of the sea. But the sea is the great fact of life for them all, the great danger and the great reward. From the sea, death may come to any one of them—"the gentlest death that may be," as Homer said; and on the edge of it they cluster, turning their backs on the unfruitful treeless land.

In 'The Reaper' Miss Rickert has described the life of such a community in one of the Shetland Isles. Here the blood of Norsemen has mingled with the Celtic strain, and many of the names are purely Scandinavian. Terval Saemundson, the crofter whose life is the main thread of the book, has inherited from a Celtic mother the tendency to dream and desire what he has not the will to obtain. He has a passion for study,

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especially for Norse mythology, and has visions of what he might do in the great world beyond the islands. But there is always some good reason why he should stay and work the croft, and not even take part in the fishing to which he was born and for which he sighs.

"The peace of the home fields, the Manse with its scrub willows and honeysuckle, the double row of little boats on the sandy beach, the turf dykes, the peat-stacks, the patches of garden, the slow upward spirals of smoke that now and again drifted across and half hid the black-tarred kitchens—all the dear familiar things filled him with strong impatience for the land and its life, . . . He found the answers to some questions in the broad silence of the moorlands, to others in the splash and suck of the waters about gigantic broken cliffs."

The story of Terval, however, or of the lives that were bound up with his, is not the essential interest of the book. That lies rather in Miss Rickert's power to give a sympathetic picture of life as a whole on Snarravoe. She has succeeded in impressing on her reader the charm that clings to all the humble or pathetic circumstances of life as it is lived in these remote places, untouched by the excitements and vulgarities of modern civilization. To express sincerely the atmosphere of an existence like that, where "Only the mightier movement sounds and passes," is a proof of great poetic insight, rarely so exercised in these days when commerce and sexual attraction divide the honors in fiction.

The influence of Mr. Hall Caine has colored the style as well as the plot of 'The Ragged Messenger.' The hero is a clergyman, the Rev. John Morton, who, like John Storm in 'The Christian,' devotes a remarkable oratorical gift to the service of the London poor, preaching everywhere except in churches, and startling the West End by his demand that the rich shall give up their possessions to the poor—an idea which is quoted to prove his originality. The story has hardly opened when Morton inherits a fortune of ten millions sterling, and proceeds to practise what he preaches. He marries a woman whom he has rescued from the streets, ignoring the devotion of a charming aristocrat, and refuses to be disillusioned or to blame any one but himself when his wife elopes with his secretary whom he had saved from starvation. At the end, the woman comes back penitent and at the point of death. He has given away all his money, and, feeling that his work is done, shoots himself at the deathbed of his wife. The story is full of melodramatic situations, without being in the true sense dramatic.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Everything that can contribute to a child's æsthetic sense and furnish him with a high standard of comeliness in books, is contained in Messrs. Scribner's holiday edition of the late Eugene Field's 'Poems of Childhood.' The manufacture is generous, with broad margins, large type, and clear, black impression. The pictorial decoration has been intrusted to Mr. Maxfield Parrish; and his vivid color-plates, while repeating his mannerisms, infallibly hit the mark of faery fancy and grace of line and composition. There is but one, "Seein' Things," which, for its spookiness, parents might hesitate to place before some infant temperaments; just as there is one poem, "Bambino," a bandit mother's bloody exhortation to her young hopeful, which does not seem precisely in place in a collection like this. There is, further, more than a sufficiency of lament for lost darlings; and, undeniable as was Mr. Field's gift as a children's poet—a gift of sympathy before all—he mixed high and low in style, touching the sentimental, pathetic, or humorous stop with resort to elevated diction, dialect, or a queer archaic lingo *ad libitum*. Some of the poems are not for children at all.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's negro folklore verse has a parallel distinction with his prose, and is perhaps as well calculated to make a vivid impression on the childish imagination. Its metres are sympathetic to the subject and the race, in the "Camp-Meeting Song" as in the "Corn-Shucking Song," or, again, in the delightful lilting "Wishing Song." The reprinted collection, 'The Tar-Baby, and Other Rhymes of Uncle Remus' (Appletons), is handsomely got up, and Messrs. Frost & Kemble have worked harmoniously together in the illustrations and borders. The cover design, too, is felicitous.

'A Quintette of Greycoats' (Baker & Taylor Co.) is another interesting book, by Effie Bignell, about her woodland friends. Incidentally she gives the information that, though the selling or owning of caged gray squirrels is forbidden by law, a certain New York dealer is authorized to sell them to "naturalists, heads of schools, and others of like standing, who wish to make a friendly, helpful study of the little creatures." Mrs. Bignell's object, in this case, was the introduction of a colony of gray squirrels among the friendly red squirrels that live about her home and accept the hospitality of her study and "window-sill restaurant." Of the results of her experiment and the happenings on the way she tells a charming story.

Myrtle Reed's 'Book of Clever Beasts' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is an amusing take-off on the observations and conclusions of certain popular writers on natural history. Readers who are familiar with the many comparatively recent animal stories will easily recall the originals of Miss Reed's Clever Beasts, and recognize the scientific themes on which she plays her whimsical variations; and while believers smile, doubters will chuckle to see by what adroit changes "natural" history is here made to become "unnatural."

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller is to be congratulated on the success of her hazard of new fortunes in 'Kristy's Queer Christmas' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). After establishing her reputation as a writer of bird books, she has now produced a collection of pleasant, readable children's stories. The fourteen which make up the volume purport to have been told for the amusement of a sick child, and of them nine bear upon Christmas, to suit the occasion of their telling; yet there is very little monotony of subject, and considerable liveliness of style. The best story, as we might expect, is one dealing with birds, for whom a Tree is prepared by some children. But the stories are all good of their kind, and the book would be very suitable to give as a Christmas present, or to read aloud at a children's sewing circle.

Perhaps it is unfair to criticise Georgiana Goddard King's 'Comedies and Legends for Marionettes' (Macmillan) without some experience of its effects. The writer assumes that "a clever boy or girl can easily make the puppets," work the wires, paint the scenes, and speak the lines, though to the uninitiated this all seems difficult enough. Possibly, then, he or she may be so supremely "clever" as to make the plot of "Columbine's Marriage" comprehensible, and to eliminate all sense of incongruity, not to say irreverence, from the spectacle of St. Francis and Brother Bernard pirouetting on strings, and singing the Canticle of the Creatures in Punch and Judy fashion. On the whole, most spectators would probably prefer to see the two pantomimes of "Snowflake" and "Mother Hubbard," of which the story is well known and secular, and in which we are spared the mixture of Shaksperean English with modern slang. The print and the illustrations by Anna R. Giles are admirable.

'The Staying Guest,' by Carolyn Wells (Century Co.), is also a well got-up book, and would be entitled to more consideration if it were not a poor likeness of Kate Douglas Wiggin's 'Rebecca.' Here again we find two maiden aunts and a mischievous niece, but the plot is as much less satisfactory as it is more ambitious, while the evident determination to enlist our sympathies on the side of the child, however naughty, makes us wonder whether the authoress belongs to the school which believes that

"The only one thing that the old can know best
Is this, that the young must know better."

Another story of about the same order of merit is 'Irma and Nap,' by Helen Leah Reed (Little, Brown & Co.). Though the writer has at last parted from "Brenda," she still moves in a feminine world, where the boys merely afford occasions for the virtues or failings of the girls. The book as a whole leaves no very salient impression, for though Miss Reed points many a moral, she can hardly be said to adorn a tale. Irma is a little girl, and Nap is her little dog. Except for one visit of laborious instructiveness to Lexington and Concord, their life seems scarcely eventful enough to justify biography, especially in view of the short time schoolgirls have for reading and the many classics they might and can enjoy.

'The Basket Woman,' by Mary Austin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), bears the misleading sub-title of "a book of fanciful tales for children." The stories are not conspicuous for imagination, and though the writer tells us that "they all occurred in that strip of country which lies east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and south of Yosemite," there is disappointingly little local color. One-half of the fourteen tales are fair. Of the rest, the five Parables from Nature are poor, and "Mahala Joe" and "The Merry-Go-Round" of the buzzards distinctly good. But when we read of "knee-long hair," a "finger-long troutling," and "the fume of the storm," or are told that the "wild bees began to whine," we must admit that if the plots are commonplace, the language at least is "fanciful."

'The River's Children,' by Ruth McEnery Stuart (Century Co.), is hardly a child's book at all. If the old negro woman's rhapsodies about the Mississippi strike even adult readers as absurd, we

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may feel sure that children will simply skip them to get on with the story, slight as it is. The book impresses one as having failed of its aim. We ought to be thrilled by the silent stateliness of the Father of Waters; we are as a fact jarred upon by the tall talk to which he gives rise. The dialect of the Creoles and negroes adds to the sense of artificiality, and, without irrefragable proof, we shall hesitate to believe in ballet dances on supper tables, executed by or in the presence of respectable heads of French families. These blemishes are all the greater pity in a writer of such real and proved talent.

Turning to fairy stories, we have 'The Little Giant,' by Thomas Dunn English (McClurg & Co.). This writer is best known as the author of "Ben Bolt," but in the course of his long life (1819 to 1902) he wrote many children's stories, of which this volume contains four specimens. Three are reprints from magazines; one, "The Adventures of Wydawayk," has never been published before, and has a pathetic interest as the last story written by the old man for his grandsons. Under the circumstances, criticism seems churlish; yet it is safe to predict that this work will not be *ære perennius*. The language is too pedantic and polysyllabic for children; the plots are all of the conventional type; and the incidents might be described as a medley of the Arabian Nights, Indian legends, Grimm's Tales, 'Alice in Wonderland,' and George Macdonald. The only original touch is where the Little Giant teaches the Hyperboreans how to light their land with natural gas, and even this cannot be considered as a very brilliant flight. The illustrations, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, are the cleverest part of the book.

It is a comfort to take up a real classic of fairy literature, where the reader's only distress in welcoming another volume of a delightful series is the fear that it may be the last. 'The Brown Fairy-Book,' edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Co.), fully sustains the reputation of its predecessors, while Mr. H. J. Ford's illustrations are more decorative than ever, especially where the new color-process is introduced. As usual, "the stories," so the preface tells us, "come from all quarters of the world." The North American Indians give us seven, of which it is interesting to note that five deal with animals and even, by a strange error in bird geography, with a "little robin redbreast." Lapland and Iceland each furnish five, with a large predominance of the magic element so dear to Northern Europe. Asia Minor gives us two, Brazil two, and India two, one of which, "Wali Dâd the Simple-hearted," is the most amusing in the book, though the single Persian tale is the most important. The story of "Father Grumbler," ascribed in the footnote to "Contes Populaires," bears no national stamp, but closely resembles "The Jackal, the Barber and the Brahman" in Miss Frere's 'Old Deccan Days.' Finally, we have one tale apiece from Australia, Basutoland, Japan, Germany, Ancient Egypt, New Caledonia, and Spain. The two last call for a special notice, the former as showing unmistakably the humorous cynicism of the editor himself, the latter as coming from the pen of a modern novelist, Fernan Caballero (1796-1877).

The appearance of a new edition of 'Granny's Wonderful Chair,' by Frances Browne (McClure, Phillips & Co.), less than four years after its reproduction by Dutton & Co., serves to show the great popularity of this old-fashioned story-book. This time, instead of Marie Seymour Lucas's pretty work, we have illustrations of doubtful merit by Edith Truman; instead of clear facts and dates about the curious disappearance of the volume from the market for over thirty years, we have an ecstatic eulogy by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who loved the stories so well as to try to rewrite them from memory. To the unprejudiced reader the praise may seem extravagant, and the volume a little tedious. Still, either from its intrinsic merit, or from the "boom" given to it by Mrs. Burnett, this book has claimed and received public attention twice within four years, and in face of such a recognition criticism is superfluous.

Gass's Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. By Sergeant Patrick Gass, one of the persons employed in the Expedition. Reprinted from the edition of 1811, with facsimiles of the original title-page, and the five original illustrations, a reproduction of a rare portrait of Gass, and a map of the Lewis and Clark route. With an analytical Index and an Introduction by James Kendall Hosmer, LL.D. Pp. liii.+298. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904.

Never before had an American book achieved such celebrity, swift as well as far and wide, as did the Journal of Gass scrawled when ink froze in the pen, or in a boat too unsteady for the captains to write. Printed at Pittsburgh in 1807, on the extremest of Western presses, it was within a year reprinted in London in a format never surpassed till the present sumptuous edition. The next year, 1809, it was chosen as the subject of one of the long articles in the first volume of the *Quarterly*, when it began to lock horns with the *Edinburgh*, hitherto the critical autocrat. In 1810, a French translation came out in Paris; and one in German, which Humboldt had been impatient for, was printed at Weimar in 1814. Four editions at home in five years and three beyond sea before two years more had expired—this was something unique. It bespeaks a popularity beyond the dreams of Dr. Thwaites concerning the acme edition or *opus magnum* of seven royal octavos and an atlas on the great discovery which he has now in press.

As the protevangelium, the first light shining in the utter and outer darkness of Trans-Missouri—and that seven years earlier than any other dawned—Gass must remain a centre of interest, no matter how many another original chronicle has been or shall be brought to light. Yet if his jottings shot up like a blazing rocket, they fell down as suddenly and as dead. No second foreign edition has come to our knowledge, and none at home within the last sixty years is known to the present publisher. The reason of this collapse we hope to make plain.

Dr. Hosmer's share in this work is no more than a tenth of its pages, but will secure nine-tenths of the interest. Writing of Gass and more than a score of his subordinates or equals, he has gleaned and grouped more particulars of their antecedents before their argonautic adventure and after it was over than have ever been published together. Several picturesque details he mentions, which had eluded the argus eyes of Coues through a lifetime of waiting and watching. Whatever he learned he sets forth with an "order which gives each thing view," and a vivacity which keeps our attention expectant and appetite growing by what it feeds on, to his last syllable in regard to Patrick Gass as a "typical wheelhorse man." The likeness and signature of Patrick from an ambrotype are unique among memorials of the first pathfinders to our farthest West. Still, from end to end of Dr. Hosmer's Introduction we find nothing we can in any way connect or interlock with the career of any individual of the score and more described by him as co-workers with Gass in the struggle up the Missouri, down the Columbia, and back again; not a word as to how any adventurer's character stood the supreme test. We may be told that it was enough to bring us to the words of Gass, and they would suffice if our brains were not in fault. We might be content if among the words of Gass we could detect even as much as the names of the men whom Dr. Hosmer deals with as his companions, while in truth not one of them has there a name to live or lives in a name, save that of Sergeant Floyd when in the article of death.

To take a single example: George Shannon is the first of the adventurers noticed by Dr. Hosmer "as a boy of seventeen, who ran away from school to enlist, and whose father had been lost and frozen to death." How shall a reader of Gass only—one of the class who can afford nothing more and for whom this edition was avowedly prepared—pick out Shannon in a journal which often notices but never names him? Plodding along among anonymities, he comes to this passage (p. 31): "We saw some person coming down the river on horseback, when we came to land and found it was the man who had preceded us with the horses. This man had been absent sixteen days, and his bullets being expended he had subsisted twelve days almost wholly on grapes." A believer in heredity which traces a chip to the old block might guess that the man always unnamed, but thus lost and frozen more or less, was Shannon. He would guess right, but could never know that he had, unless he could get a sight of the name George Shannon in Biddle's detail of the same incident (p. 70; Coues, p. 114. "The map of the route" promised on the Hosmer title-page, if not wanting in the book would have strengthened the reader's confidence in his guess, for it showed the rubric "Shannon's creek" near where he was lost and found, but that promise was not fulfilled. Thanks to Biddle, Coues, and the captain's notebooks, Shannon can be made to put in an appearance at various other points in Gass, and they would lend and borrow light by mutual reflection.

Our tether is too short to allow us even to touch on more than one additional point. The prospectus of Frazier's Journal becoming known to Dr. Hosmer through the *Nation* in 1893, he ought, we think, to have printed it as the best of his new finds. It was first to make known the name of a second rank-and-file writer like Gass, and to turn research into lines where Floyd and Whitehouse were afterward

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brought to light. The more Frazier's title-page is kept before the people, the greater the possibility that his whole volume will burst its cerements, and the fencing-master may show himself as strenuous with pen as with sword. We therefore supply Dr. Hosmer's regrettable omission:

"Proposals for publishing by subscription *Robert Frazer's* [*sic*] Journal, from St. Louis in Louisiana to the Pacific Ocean, containing an accurate description of the Missouri and its several branches, of the mountains separating the eastern from the western waters, of the Columbia River and the bay it forms on the Pacific Ocean, of the face of the country in general; of the several tribes of Indians on the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; of the vegetable, animal, [and mineral] productions discovered in those extensive regions, the latitudes and longitudes of some of the most remarkable places, together with a variety of curious and interesting occurrences during a voyage of two years, four months and nine days, conducted by Captains Lewis and Clark.

"Published by permission of Capt. Meriwether Lewis. This work will be contained in about 400 pages octavo, and will be put to the press as soon as there shall be a sufficient subscription to defray the expenses. Price to subscribers $3."

The centurial survival in hiding of the Whitehouse Journal makes all things seem possible for Frazier. No hairbreadth 'scapes are more romantic than the Whitehouse manuscript's—a deathbed gift to his confessor Vivaldi, deposited in New York when he went on a mission to Patagonia; obtained by Capt. Haley in requital for a signal service, by an order from Vivaldi back in California; rejected by the Congressional Library, as its price was too high; bought by a Yankee publisher, who, after use, for a consideration has resigned it to the Chicago citizen most sagacious and voracious of such treasure-trove.

Italian Villas and their Gardens. By Edith Wharton. The Century Co.

Mrs. Wharton has both the talent and the training needed for writing entertainingly and intelligently about her theme. To be alone a skilful artist with the pen is not enough. But add to this a discerning taste, a love for all things Italian, a rare appreciation of the highest form of garden art, an intimate knowledge of its finest examples, and we have an equipment that has given us one of the best of the many books upon the villas and gardens of Italy.

After a careful study of it one feels that Mrs. Wharton's words call up in even truer fashion the intimate charm of the Villa Gamberaia or the sombre stateliness of the Villa d'Este than do the intensely personal, albeit highly poetic, illustrations of Maxfield Parrish. Her statements are the soberer and more measured of the two. They strike nearer the truth. His paintings clothe the form of the original in an always beautiful but sometimes overstrained scheme of color. And yet, from work of such great decorative charm, so touched with high imagination, it seems ungracious to withhold the fullest praise. In one way the comparison is scarcely fair, because the writer's thought suffers not at all in the change from manuscript to type, while the painter's (and especially the thought of such a colorist as Parrish) inevitably loses much in translation from canvas to color-print. Nor is this said in disparagement of the really admirable results of the three-plate process employed. The reproductions are the best of their kind, yet no mechanical process can render quite faithfully the full-toned harmonies of Parrish's originals.

As the object of the book is not the description of the villa alone, but of its garden, and of the garden as it was at its best, before the influence of English taste had worked changes in most of the old villa gardens, the writer's choice of subjects is far more limited than one would at first suppose. Thus, in the neighborhood of Florence she finds but ten worthy of more than a mere mention, but these ten serve to fully illustrate all that was most characteristic in the Florentine villa. For Siena four examples suffice. Rome and its environs of course afford a field full of noble specimens of the art at its highest, while Genoa, Lombardy, and Venetia round out the finished whole.

The introductory essay upon the relation of the villa to its garden and of both to the landscape surrounding them is full of ideas which, even if they lay no claim to novelty, are eminently sane and just. One of the secrets of these old places our author has learned so well that we must let her tell it in her own words:

"Much is to be learned from the old Italian gardens, and the first lesson is that, if they are to be a real inspiration, they must be copies, not in the letter, but in the spirit. That is, a marble sarcophagus and a dozen twisted columns will not make an Italian garden; but a piece of ground laid out and planted on the principles of the old garden-craft will be, not indeed an Italian garden in the literal sense, but, what is far better, a garden as well adapted to its surroundings as were the models which inspired it."

As description forms so large a part of the book, it is to be regretted that plans, however meagre (mere thumbnail sketches would have served), have not been included among the illustrations. Without them, the descriptions, though well written, are sometimes hard to follow; with them, all would have been clear and simple. Those who have even a very considerable knowledge of the subject will find in the book description of places that have been but names to them, while those who know but little of the subject will find here an excellent introduction to it.

The Prado and its Masterpieces. By C. S. Ricketts. With fifty photogravures. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Since the chief pictures of the Prado are already accessible in excellent photographs and photogravures, there is no obvious reason for presenting them again in this expensive form. Furthermore, these twenty-nine folio plates of French manufacture are often muddy in quality, being in this respect inferior to the small plates of English make printed in the text. A little care in varying the tint of the inks, here uniformly brown and generally untransparent, would have made the illustrations more pleasing to the eye and more faithful to their originals.

Contrary to the wont of this sort of publication, Mr. Ricketts's study of the pictures goes far to justify the enterprise. His comment is always interesting, and often trenchant. It would be hard, for example, to imagine anything better said of the neurotic Theotocopuli than this: "The world which El Greco painted is seen by flashes of lightning, and in a spirit of hallucination and solar eclipse, when the dead seem to walk with the living." Indeed, the pages abound in such illuminating felicities, as when we are told that Manet is one of those painters who "approached art and nature as if the eye was without memory." Epigrammatic again, but absolutely just, is the statement that Velasquez had "not a profound sense of beauty, but a profound sense of style." Or, again: "His work is excellent good company, not for its racy record of facts and events, but for its tranquil charm; for the dashing Velasquez, the painter with a brush like a rapier, is a modern invention—the self-reflecting compliment of several bad modern painters, paid to the most refined among artists."

It needs no further quotation to show that Mr. Ricketts thinks his own thoughts vigorously, and brings to observation of the art of others something of the conscience and taste that he has shown in his own work as a decorator of books. As a writer of books, however, he shows inexperience, and when his text is reprinted in popular form, as it deserves to be, much of the running account of Titian and Rubens, for example, can well be spared as not of an importance to warrant such extensive digression from the theme, the Prado.

In the narrower field of connoisseurship Mr. Ricketts's contribution is only less notable than in that of appreciation. His suggestion (p. 136) that Petrus Christus may be "the link between the Van Eycks and Antonello da Messina" should be treasure-trove to neo-Morellians. The "Dead Knight" in the National Gallery is confidently—too confidently, perhaps—transferred from Velasquez to Zurburan. For the much-disputed "Shepherd with a Pipe" at Hampton Court the interesting theory is advanced that, by the simple expedient of painting in the robe, the hand and the pipe, some restorer has patched it out from a derelict fragment of Giorgone's "David" which Vasari mentions. The theory, though startling, is plausible. Mr. Ricketts is even sure that he has seen traces of the original armor above the restorer's drapery—an observation important if accurate. Space does not permit the enumeration of other new attributions equally interesting.

Mr. Ricketts's forte, however, is not connoisseurship. Appreciation such as this of Rubens's drawing is rare, and shows the true critic:

"His figures are not abstractions of facts, visualized separately, and connected by a conventional code of proportion; he draws figures as flexible solids seen in space, and influenced in their shape by the laws of balance and the actual facts of their substance, their faculty of bending or resistance. As a draughtsman he stands with Michael Angelo; their knowledge and their memory are greater than those of any other artist; they can rely upon their plastic sense when another man would measure and collect facts."

That Mr. Ricketts does not lack humor, let this suggestion of ways and means to add a good Rembrandt to the collection attest: "Some American millionaire, with tardy but possibly sound prospects in Cuba, might do this," hints our author.

A few rather ugly misprints have escaped

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the proof-reader: page 9, *quarto*cento; page 23, Sforzias; page 76, caste.

The Greek Poets: An Anthology. By Nathan Haskell Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Mr. Dole has drawn for his collection upon some excellent translators—Shelley, Tennyson, FitzGerald, Worsley, Mackail, Symonds, Frere, and Professor Murray; and from others, for various reasons, less excellent—Prior, Chapman, Mrs. Browning, etc. If anything, the sources are too numerous and too varied in style and aim. This will confuse the ingenuous and serious reader and bewilder him somewhat. He needs the sign-posts and warnings which Mr. Dole furnishes occasionally, and something more. The admirable closeness of Mr. Mackail and the admirable freedom of FitzGerald are each illuminating in their way, if Mr. Dole will hold his candle of caution as to the method of each. Sappho, for example, is represented by eleven translators (of fourteen fragments), as diverse as Edwin Arnold, Rossetti, Swinburne, Lord Byron, and A. E. Crawley. By this process we get a reflection of Sappho as if from a series of mirrors, some concave, some convex, overlaid with composites of Lord Byron and the others. The verses by Elton entitled "The Rose" may mystify the enterprising student, who will search in vain for their original in his Hartung or Bergk. The reason is that the poem has nothing to do with Sappho: it is taken from the novel of Achilles Tatius (Bk. 2), who professes to give a *prose* version of a song sung by his heroine, Leucippe. The song (if it ever existed) belonged, with its pretty conceits, to the class of Anacreontics.

There are various good reasons for including Chapman and Pope among specimens of Homeric translation; but Maginn's ballads are, on the whole, painfully misleading, and represent a theory which is discredited by the best authorities in literary taste and comparative literature. With good intentions, Maginn was simply a traitor; and on that head we refer Mr. Dole once more to Matthew Arnold, to M. Bréal, and to Homer himself. The "Prometheus" may be much better represented by Bevan's vigorous and faithful version than by Mrs. Browning's, which justly offended FitzGerald's taste and scholarship. The truly appreciative and scientific anthology of Greek poetry, combined with a running commentary, like Mr. Gibb's 'History of Ottoman Poetry,' has yet to be written or compiled in English—perhaps because a good many people still insist on reading Greek for themselves. Mr. Dole's aim was not so large nor so scientific, though he absolves his conscience by writing "Oidipous," "Phaiakians," etc., thereby estranging us somewhat from old acquaintances. This fidelity should lead him to see that his printer avoids "Trachinioi," "Hippolitos," and also McGinn and MacKail. But the collection is to be commended in general: it covers a wide range, it contains many choice morsels; it is also handsomely printed, and suited to the purposes of the holiday season.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adventures of King James II. of England. By the author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," etc. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.80 net.

American Nation, The. A History. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. First series, 5 vols. Harpers. $9 per set.

Art Department Illustrated. Universal Exposition. St. Louis.

Asakawa, K. The Russo-Japanese Conflict. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Ashley, Percy. Modern Tariff History. Dutton. $3 net.

Bannister, Corrilla. Self-Building. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.10.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. Kitty of the Roses. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.

Bashford, Henry H. The Manitobian. John Lane. $1.50.

Bigelow, Edward F. How Nature Study Should Be Taught. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

Blissett, Nellie K. The Bindweed. Smart Set Pub. Co.

Boynton, Frank David. School Civics. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Brebner, Percy James. Mr. Quixley of the Gate House. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.

Chittenden, Russel H. Physiological Economy in Nutrition. F. A. Stokes Co. $3 net.

Connor, Ralph. The Prospector. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Dunbar, Charles Franklin. Economic Essays. Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Elshemus, Louis M. Sixty Sonnets. Eastman Lewis. 25 cents net.

Essex Institute Historical Collections. Vol. XL. Salem, Mass.

Field, Roswell. Little Miss Dee. Fleming H. Revell Co.

FitzGerald's Rubáiyát. Photogravures by Gilbert James. Dutton. $1.50.

Glover, Terrot Reaveley. Studies in Virgil. Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. Dutton. $2 net.

Grammont, Maurice. Le Vers Français. Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils. 7 fr. 50c.

Headlam, Cecil. Oxford and its Story. Dutton. $8 net.

Johnny Crow's Garden. Frederick Warne & Co. $1 net.

Kernahan, Culson. The Face Beyond the Door. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 40 cents net.

Leibson, Jacob J. Tommy's Adventures in Blunderland. Bloch Pub. Co. 50 cents.

Mustard, Wilfred P. Classical Echoes in Tennyson. Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Nobody Knows. Frederick Warne & Co. 80 cents.

Nolan, Edward J. Combinations, Trusts, and Monopolies. Broadway Pub. Co.

Oberholtzer, Ellis Paxson. Abraham Lincoln. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Oppenheim, Mrs. Ansel. Evelyn. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Phillips, Stephen. The Sin of David. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Pitkin, Helen. An Angel by Brevet. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Poe's Tales. 6 vols. Putnams. $5.

Pyle, Walter L. A Manual of Personal Hygiene. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders & Co. $1.50.

Raphael.—Constable's Sketches. (Newnes's Art Library.) Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25 each.

Simmons, Henry M. New Tables of Stone. Boston: James H. West Co. $1.50.

Speer, Robert E. Missions and Modern History. 2 vols. Fleming H. Revell Co. $4 net.

Tennyson's Holy Grail. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.

Thackeray, William M. Kensington Edition. Vols. XXI. to XXXIII. Scribners. $2 per volume net.

Theadorer. The Finest Baby in the World. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents net.

Tybout, Ella Middleton. Poketown People. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Walton's Lives. (The Cheswick Library of Noble Authors.) Scott-Thaw Co.

Weyman, Stanley J. The Abbess of Vlaye. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Wigmore, John Henry. A Treatise on the System of Evidence in Trials at Common Law. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

World's Best Poetry, The. Edited by Bliss Carman and others. Ten volumes. Philadelphia: John D. Morris & Co.

Worthington, Elizabeth Strong. Our Children in Peril. Broadway Pub. Co.

Zangwill, I. The Serio-Comic Governess. Macmillan Co.

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